


# CARRIGMORE

OR  
LIGHT AND SHADE  
IN  
WEST KERRY

by  
REV. JOHN J. KENNEDY

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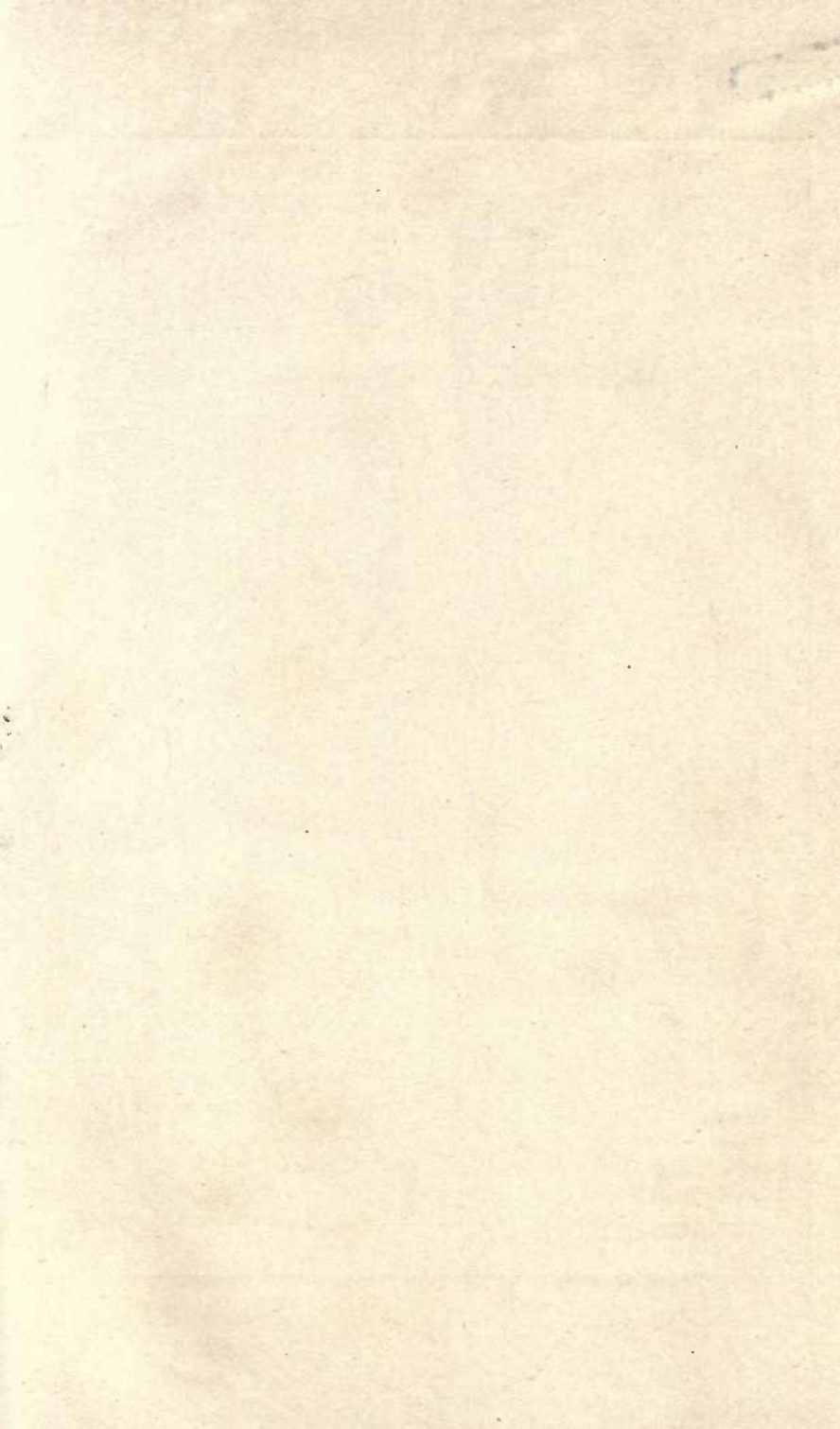


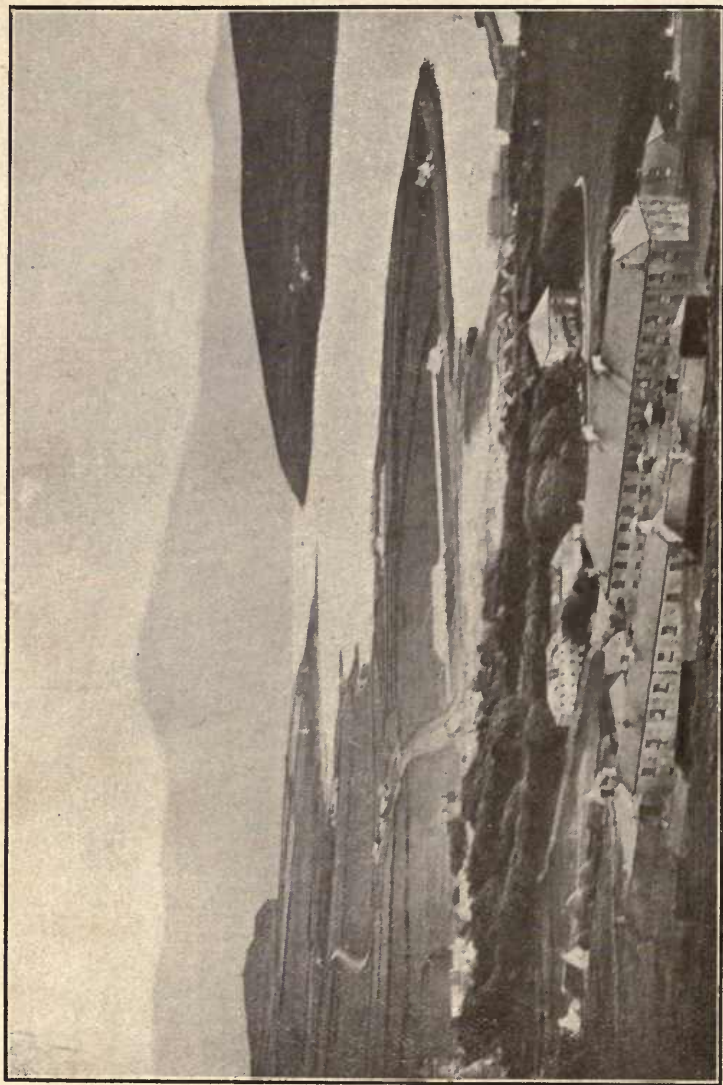
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"CARRIGMORE."









DINGLE HARBOR AND BAY.

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OR

LIGHT AND SHADE

...IN WEST KERRY...

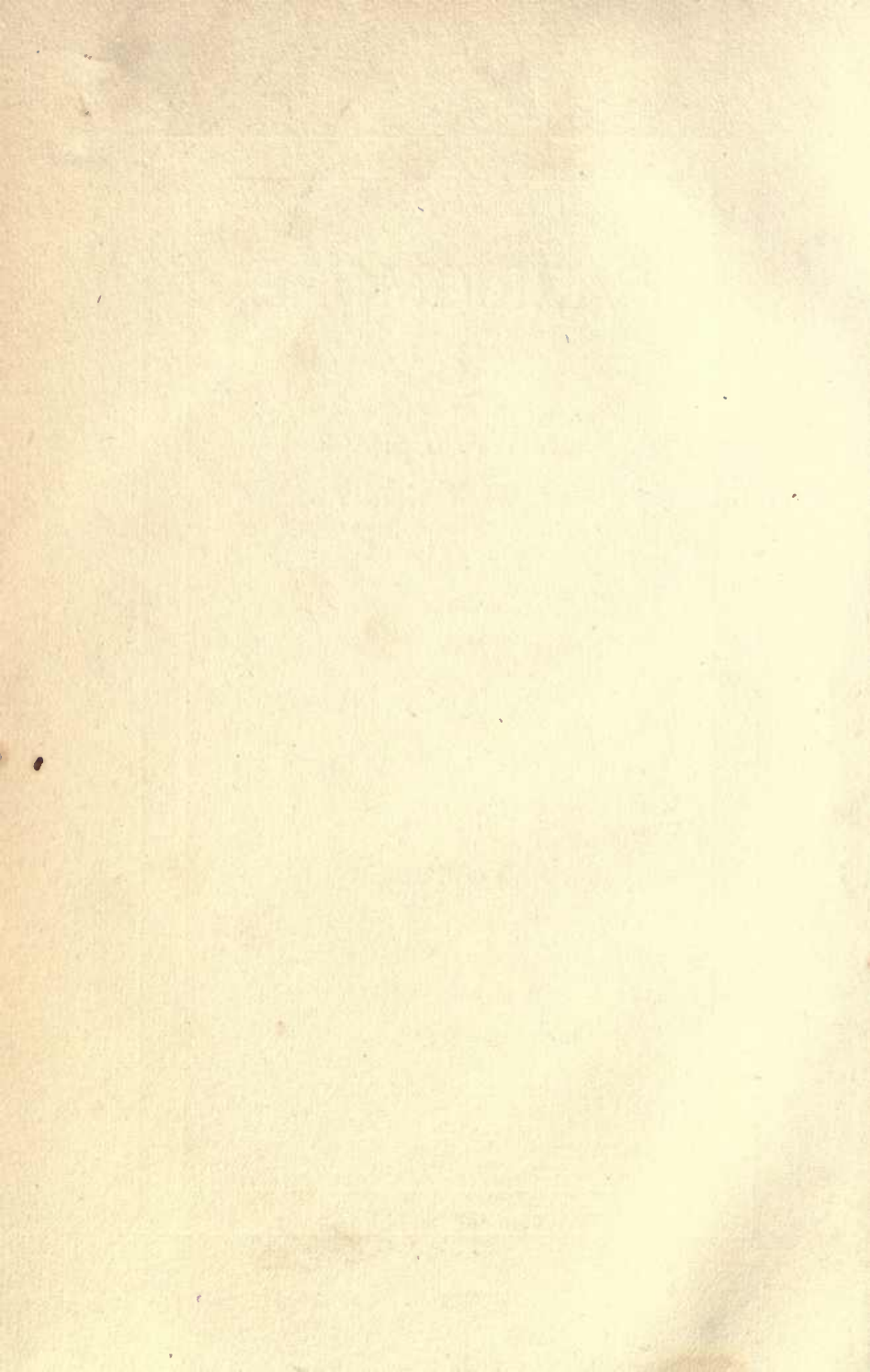
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REV. JOHN J. KENNEDY



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# "CARRIGMORE"

OR

LIGHT AND SHADE IN WEST KERRY

## CHAPTER I.

### On the Cliffs at Duneen.

The golden sun was just setting behind Tower Hill. Its glorious radiance tinted the hills and fields and clustering hamlets of St. Brendan's valley with rich hues of crimson and purple. The mackerel fishers were busy at the little landing place called Duneen, launching their trim canoes, putting their oars and nets to rights, jesting with the young colleens who have come to see that their fathers and brothers would be duly provided with food while searching for the scaly treasures out there in the ocean during the long watches of the night.

It was indeed a scene for a painter's brush, the brave, stalwart fishermen, bronzed and weatherbeaten, but only too eager to court dangers and hardships for the sake of the loved ones at home. How strong and muscular they look, their close-fitting, navy blue guernseys showing off to full advantage their manly figures, models of the beauty of combined health and strength. The coy colleens, in their dark shawls, coquetting with the young fellows as they lay their guerdons of food and drink in each frail coracle, and see that no father's or brother's or lover's boat will

glide out from the pier without the little bottle of holy-water stowed away somewhere on board to shield the loved ones from the dangers of the treacherous deep.

The evening air is musical with merry laughter, with banterings and salutations, all uttered in the soft melodious Gaelic tongue, and then when the last crew have urged their gliding vessel with splashing oar-strokes over the burnished copper of the harbour, out beyond the heads to the mighty deep, many and fervent are the "slan leats" and the "bannacht Des" uttered by the devoted watchers as they return homewards and pray that God may guard their loved ones through the night from the perils of the ocean.

Two young men linger on behind the others, and in silence remain gazing far out at the dim horizon, growing more dim each moment now that the sun's last rays have died out, and the twilight has set in. A white seagull brushes its wings close by them in its aerial circlings, and disturbs their musings. They start, and then laugh at the incident. Grand types of young Gaels they are as they stand there outlined on the cliff's high summit 'gainst the darkening deep. Their garb is dark, and tells us that they are young aspirants to the priesthood. They are both of like stature, but one is fair-haired and clear-skinned, while the other's complexion is dark, with jet black hair and eyes that in reality are a dark grey, though now in the fading light they seem black as sloes.

The fair youth, in hearty tones, tells of the thoughts that have absorbed him. "Well, Hugh, is not this glorious? To my mind it surpasses even your Killarney lakes and dells. I could gaze for hours out at those bold peaks over there, the Three Sisters, or up at the tower that crests yon lofty hill. Just now, while those canoes glided out over the harbour, I was back in fancy to the days when that cursed butcher,



Lord Grey, massacred the Spaniards over there at Dunanore. Why, Hugh, every square yard about here is rich in historical associations. See that mound on the other side of the road! There's where the pious peasants buried in one heap the bodies of the victims washed in here after the massacre. If you dig down only a few feet you will find their white bones 'neath the soft sand. But come, let's hear what visions of days of old have been conjured up for your delectation."

"Well, Jack, I must confess that my musings were very prosaic indeed, considering that I myself was the individual with whom they were occupied. Jack, you remember what I spoke to you of a month ago. Well, though I have banned the subject since, still the conviction has grown on me that I am not called to be a priest. I must see Father Tim on Sunday, and tell him of my doubts and difficulties. I know what he will advise, and in God's name I will act on his counsel."

"Hugh, my friend, you cannot select a wiser guide than Father Tim. I am not so sure, though, that his advice will be what you anticipate. I think these doubts and fancies of yours are but the outcome of your exalted idea of the priesthood. Achorra Machree, I know no more upright character than yours is; then you are full of love for our holy faith, you have great talents, and to my mind there is no one better fitted to work in God's vineyard. How can a harum-scarum fellow like me be blessed with the grace of a priestly vocation if you be deemed unworthy? But, as you say, God knows best, and, Hugh," he said, as he took his companion's hand, "priest or layman, you will always be my dearest friend."

"God bless you, Jack. It breaks my heart to think of leaving you and the dear old college, but I know

I have not received the call, that my heart cannot give that undivided love to God that is necessary, so I am prepared to make any sacrifice rather than usurp His blessed sanctuary."

"I respect your feelings, Hugh, but let us talk no more of the matter just now. By jove," Jack continued, as he looked at his watch, "we have stayed here too long; Maurice will be home, and with him my cousins, Frank O'Riordan and the O'Learys. It is dinner-time now, and I have just realised that I am ravenously hungry. Come, Hugh, we must fly home."

The young fellows quickly vaulted on to their bicycles, and sped smoothly along the winding road to "Carrigmore House," Jack's home.

Hugh O'Sullivan and Jack Desmond have been bosom friends from their earliest boyhood. Together they entered "Clongowes Wood," a Jesuit college, near Dublin, and together, too, they were enrolled as "alumni" of that great missionary seminary in that city, the world-famed All Hallows. During the early years of their collegiate course all went well, and many were the bright hopes they had both entertained for that future day when, side by side, they would be ordained priests of God before the beautiful altar of the College Church.

They were both universal favourites, esteemed alike by professors and students, champions in class and in the field, winning the chief prizes in all their studies, and leaders in all the college sports. Their lives, till recently, had been without a shadow of unhappiness, but since the last Christmas holidays a great change had come over Hugh. Though he worked as strenuously as ever, his studies gave him no pleasure. His soul was suffering a very agony of doubt, for, in spite of resistance, earthly forms stepped in and marred the joy of preparation for the ministry. He had spent his

Christmas holidays with Jack at Carrigmore. Jack's sister, Mary Desmond, a young girl of eighteen, had returned home from a convent school in France a short time before. So fascinated was Hugh by her extraordinary beauty and her many accomplishments that, strive as he would on his return to college, he could not blot out her image from his heart. His confessor advised him to resist what he considered only a temptation from the Evil One to draw the young student away from his vocation. Hugh succeeded in regaining comparative calm, but the vision of Jack's fair sister would still at times be conjured up before his mind, and he felt that God thus manifested to him that he was not to be one of the anointed workers in His vineyard. The realisation that he must relinquish all his holy hopes was a great cross, but he resolved to submit to God's will. Being an orphan, and as his uncle and aunt were away on a long holiday when his summer holidays began, he gladly accepted Jack's invitation, and accompanied him to Carrigmore.

Here the first meeting with Mary confirmed his conviction that his heart had already surrendered to her charms. His fascination has developed into a strong love for the young girl, and so he has decided to follow the advice of Father Tim, a dear friend of his dead father's, in regard to his future career in the world.

And so we find him when we first met him on the cliffs at Duneen, when the fishers are gliding out over the harbour, and the setting sun is beautifying with golden tints the fields and mountains and the mighty deep.



## CHAPTER II.

### “Carrigmore House.”

It is a merry group that is assembled round the wide hearth in the fine old dining-room at “Carrigmore.” Martin Desmond, a Herculean descendant of the chiefs of old who bore him name, is in the place of state in the big arm-chair near the cheery peat fire, for though it is the end of July, the evenings are wont to be chilly, and the fire makes the big old room more homely. A magnificent type of Irish gentleman is he, rollicking and gay. His portly figure and cheery open face, bronzed and rubicund, and lit up by laughing eyes of Irish blue, betoken a spirit of hearty good nature. His face now wears a droll expression as he twits the young medico, his nephew, Frank O’Riordan, on his newly-won laurels.

His oldest son, Maurice, is standing with one elbow resting on the mantelpiece, and he is evidently enjoying his father’s rollicking jests at the expense of his young cousin. There is very little likeness between Maurice Desmond and his father, save, perhaps, in stature and in build. He is broad-shouldered and deep-chested. His tall, muscular figure would be a striking one in any assembly, but his face it is that rivets attention and attracts irresistibly those who behold him for the first time. A strong, clear cut face it is, with high forehead and open brows, over which clusters a profusion of raven hair. His eyes are grey with a soft, thoughtful expression in them that tells of a soul deeply sympathetic. A clear cut nose and a full round lip, over a sculptor’s chin, complete the lineaments of a face that is remarkable in its virile beauty and strength.



So thinks Alice O'Moore, a lively young lady who is keeping up a regular sally of wit with Jack and Hugh, and Arthur and Harry O'Leary, two Killiney cousins, who have come to "Carrigmore" for a few days' shooting with Maurice and Frank.

"And so, Frank, you are a fully-fledged M.D., no less?" Martin Desmond laughingly remarks to the young brown-haired, brown-eyed nephew who lounges on a sofa near the big bay window; "Faith, I would die twice over rather than let you physic me, you young villain. I'll warrant you will be trying experiments on all the old hags in Tralee before they have you up for man-slaughter. Shure, you are a better hand at brewing a bowl of whiskey punch than at compounding essences and drugs for your unfortunate victims."

"Very well, Uncle Martin, if you do not cease your chaff I'll put something in your punch to-night that will make you think you are bearing Vesuvius inside your waistcoat."

"Never mind him, Frank," interjected Mrs. Desmond, who, with a young girl, had just entered the room. "Wait until he gets his next attack of rheumatics, and then he will be glad to allow you prescribe for him. But I think, Frank, you ought to avenge us on those young loiterers Jack and Hugh over there. They have kept us waiting dinner for them for the last hour. They certainly forget their college punctuality when they are let loose on the holidays."

Mrs. Desmond is a lady every inch. Though her once raven hair is streaked with silver, and her face bears the impress of life's sorrows, still it requires no second glance to note the resemblance between her and her eldest son Maurice, and the fair girl who had entered the dining-room with her.

Mary Desmond is a beautiful girl of eighteen summers; her face and figure are the perfection of feminine loveliness. Her dark hair and lily-white complexion, with the faintest pink roses relaxing the pallor on her cheeks, give her a Madonna-like appearance. Every gesture, every movement, is the embodiment of grace and natural dignity, and we cannot wonder that this lovely maiden so disturbed the peace of poor Hugh O'Sullivan as to banish effectually from his mind all thoughts of aspiring to the priesthood.

"Well, Hugh, has Jack fallen into one of his rhapsodies again, and been enchanting you with glorious tales of the days of old, that you have come back so late from your ride? Alice, here, was ever so uneasy, as you know she has a decided predilection for the society of young Levites," Mary laughed.

"Indeed, Mary," Hugh answered, "I am more to be blamed than Jack. The sunset over Smerwick Harbour fairly bewitched me, so much so that I quite forgot the time and the hour, and even, I must confess, the existence for the time being of our lively friend Miss Alice."

"Oh, now, Hugh, you are very ungallant," Alice retorted. "I am sure you are not quite so contemplative an individual as you would have us think. I am sure, now, that even though you did forget the existence of so poor a mortal as I am, you were not altogether so oblivious in regard to my demure friend Mary here."

Hugh felt the blood mount in crimson tide to his face at this remark, made innocently enough. Irresistibly his eyes sought Mary's, whose face had undergone a similar working to his own. With a thrill, or, rather, a tumult of joy, his heart beat, as he noted the effect of Alice's bantering words on Miss Desmond, and thought that it was more than mere

maiden bashfulness that made her blush so. The announcement by Norah, the old housekeeper, that dinner was ready, was a relief to them both.

The dinner was a lively meal. Martin Desmond, his son Maurice, and his nephews Art and Harry, discussed the shooting in the neighbourhood. The young men proposed a day's sport in the neighbouring bogs, but Martin waived the suggestion. "Why," he said, "you may as well look for parrots, as game of any kind in my bogs at present. Those young Oxonians, the young Lord and his chums, have been beating the place for the last fortnight, and now there is nothing left save, perhaps, a few jackeens."

"I think, lads, I know what uncle is looking to," said young O'Riordan. "He fears there would be very little work done if we should be in the vicinity, and so does not want us to blaze too near the house, so game or no game, I move we go further, even though we may fare worse."

"Well, well, Frank, there's no standing your cuteness," laughed the old gentleman. "But, really, you hit the mark this time. However, I will come to compromise. I can dispense with Maurice to-morrow, and I know he will take you to where you can have sport galore."

"Well, Mary, did you ever know such lack of gallantry?" Alice interjected. "Here are all these gentlemen devising amusement for themselves for the morrow, and ready to abandon us poor girls for a whole day. I think we had better desert them and go right away to Dingle to flirt with our numerous admirers there."

"Then, indeed, Miss O'Moore, will we be desolate," replied Maurice, for whom the vivacious young lady had chiefly intended her remark. "I know Jack can take my place and lead the attack on the duck at



Lough Crawley. I have promised Hugh, here, to climb Mount Brandon with him, and tread St. Brendan's holy path. If the mount be clear to-morrow we will undertake the climb, and I am sure the pleasure of the trip will be enhanced, if you girls choose to accompany us."

"Bravo, Maurice," Alice exclaimed, as she clapped her hands in approval. "You are a devoted knight after all. It is just the excursion I've been longing for, and I am sure we will have a glorious day."

Dinner ended, the ladies retired to the drawing-room. Here the gentlemen soon joined them after they had paid their respects to Lady Nicotine. Alice presided at the piano, and sang some lively operatic snatches, which pleased young O'Riordan exceedingly. Jack whispered something into his sister's ear, and she, smiling sweetly, arose, and, accompanied by him on the piano, sang that beautiful and pathetic song of Lady Dufferin's, "The Irish Emigrant." Her voice was a brilliant soprano, exquisitely trained. She threw all the feeling of her young soul into the words with a wild "abandon" of sympathy. A hush fell on the little audience; they listened, spell-bound. Maurice looked with fond pride on the sister, whose every feeling found an answering chord in his own heart. Martin Desmond brushed a tear from his blue eyes. The shadow of a past sorrow left her mother's face, and Hugh, poor Hugh, felt his heart go out in great strong love to the fair singer whose voice thrilled his soul.

"I think, young people, if you are to carry out your programme to-morrow, it is high time you should all get to bed," yawned Martin Desmond, when the marble clock on the mantelpiece tolled the hour of eleven.



Mrs. Desmond rang a bell, and old Norah and the servants having come in, all knelt down to recite the Rosary. The Rosary, beautiful devotion so loved and cherished by the children of the Gael. How many fragrant bouquets of holy prayer are offered up each night by the devout children of Mary throughout Holy Ireland, and how many precious blessings she procures from her Divine Son for the Irish race who love her so tenderly. Why do men wonder that in an age when faith is scant and morals lax, the faith of Ireland's sons is as strong, and the virtue of her daughters as pure, as when Ireland wore the double crown of sanctity and learning?

Long after sleep had closed the eyes of the inmates of "Carrigmore" there were four of our young friends who did not retire to rest until well after midnight. Mary shared her room with Alice, but long after Miss O'Moore had been wafted to dream-land, Mary still remained kneeling before the statue of the Mother Immaculate, absorbed in fervent prayer. Her prayers ended, she stole to the bedside of her sleeping friend, she kissed lightly the parted rosy lips, and then went to the window, where she sat a long time gazing up at the starlit sky.

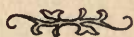
"Oh, Mother in Heaven," she murmured, "help me to stifle this madness. What a wicked creature I am to entertain feelings that so disquiet me, and make me miserable, towards one called by God to the holy state of the priesthood! Oh, Queen of Purity! I do not know how it is that I have come to love him. I cannot conquer this madness myself, so, my sweet Mother, I seek thy aid."

In another room Maurice is smoking, and his face wears a sad expression as he gazes out on the silent night. He is thinking of his sister's bright friend, Alice. He knows that all the love of his strong, manly

nature has gone out to her. Her bright, merry ways have captivated him. He has seen in her the pure, noble-minded woman, the nature loving and tender underneath her usual mask of girlish gaiety and merri-ment. Ah, but his love is hopeless. She is a wealthy doctor's only child, and her proud father is very ambitious for his idolised darling. Maurice knows that his own father has been extravagant, that the property is heavily mortgaged, and now he is but waiting the end of Jack's holiday to carry out a resolution he has long since formed. To go away to Australia and there seek to win wealth enough to secure his old home from grasping hands. How hard it will be to leave them all, the mother whose dearest child he has ever been, dearer even than the young priest as they call him—Jack; his beautiful sister, whom he idolises; his father and brothers; and then, this bright young creature to whom, though without hope, as he thinks, he has given his heart forever. The prospect of a struggle for wealth in a new land has no glamour for him. He is cultured and sensitive, abhorring contact with any of the rough elements of human-kind, but he is brave, and he will sacrifice himself for those he loves. He heaves a deep sigh, lays his pipe on the mantelpiece, then kneels down and asks God to help and direct him, and a short time after is sleeping the calm, dreamless sleep of youth.

In Jack's room he and Hugh are still keeping vigil. Jack is kneeling in fervent prayer, and is asking God to direct his young college-mate, for he has this evening a strong intuition that his friend has been denied the vocation he is daily feeling more confident of for himself. Hugh kneels at the open window. The anguish of his soul is very keen to-night. He has a keen realisation of the blessings once hoped for, now impossible for him. But he cannot as yet decide on

his career in the world. However, mid all the pain and regret there is a throb of joy, as he remembers the effect of Alice's careless words on Mary Desmond a few hours before. He kneels to pray, and resigns himself absolutely to God's will, and very soon he and Jack are enjoying that healthy slumber which the shadows of coming troubles are powerless to prevent from exercising its soothing influence over young, healthy manhood.





## CHAPTER III.

### Mount Brandon.

The morning dawned fair and bright. The sun shone out in all its radiance and splendour. The thrill of the lark, high up in the blue heavens, the lowing of the cows waiting to bestow their milky treasures to the singing milkmaids, all the brightness and all the charm of a mid-summer morning in Ireland, when the skies are clear, and the mountains unswathed in mist, were very much in evidence when Maurice arose and looked towards lordly Brandon, to see if he were disposed to give a kindly welcome to pilgrims. The mountain's moods are so variable, and he is so often shrouded in mist and gloom, as if unwilling to look down on the valleys beneath, and behold the ruins of ancient glory, that Maurice feels anxious until he has gazed on him from his window. But the majestic mountain is bright with sunshine this morning. His noble brow is unclouded, and grandly outlined against the blue sky, seems to promise a glorious prospect from his lofty summit. Maurice dresses quickly, and hurries down to give his orders for the day to the workmen. He then rides on his bicycle to the strand, and, after a refreshing plunge in the briny waters, he speeds home, and finds the family and guests assembled at breakfast.

"Well, Maurice, are the gods propitious this morning?" was Alice's salutation. "I hope you will not pronounce judgment against the weather, and keep us down from high Olympus."

"No, indeed, Alice," Maurice responds. "If I mistake not, this is going to be an ideal day, and if you



have a liking for vigorous exercise, you will get any amount of it. It is a long walk from here to Ballybrack. From there to the mountain-top it's a continuous climb. What say you, Mary? Do you think it more advisable to drive to the foot and leave our horse and trap at Ballybrack until evening?"

"Oh, Maurice, certainly not!" Mary replied. "I am sure we will enjoy ourselves much better if we walk the whole way. It is such an enchanting walk along by the river. Besides, we can rest occasionally, and we have a long day, so we can enjoy everything worth seeing. I know Hugh will vote with me."

"You had better bustle, then, girls," Maurice urged. "Jack, I think you could take the lads to no better place than the swamps, near the mill-pond, over the Spa Road way, so I suggest that you drive them to the 'Grove House.' Stephen Barrett is home at present; he will put you on to where you can have some shooting. If you do not return this evening with full bags you will all lose your reputation as crack shots in my esteem."

"Now, Frank, look out and guard against accidents. You must keep him well in front of you, lads, else he will surely let a charge into you for the pleasure of diagnosing you afterwards," Martin Desmond teased.

"Trust me, uncle, I will resist the temptation," Frank answers. "Maurice tells me there is a bewitching young lady at 'Grove House,' so perhaps a little passage with Cupid may keep in check my desire to make scientific experiments."

"Ha! ha! ha! Listen to him!" laughed Arthur O'Leary. "Frank, my man, we know you too well, so if we see that Eileen Barrett is likely to hold you in thrall we will leave you to her siren's wiles. We want a good day's sport, but once you meet a lady fair we know you are a hopeless case."

Frank joined in the laugh at his expense as heartily as anybody, and certainly his being the butt for their jokes did not impair his appetite, for Mrs. Desmond replenished his coffee-cup for the fourth time, and he seemed determined on another onslaught on the delicious scones before him.

The shooting party very soon drove off amid pleasant banter and merry good wishes from the girls and Maurice and Hugh. Half-an-hour afterwards the mountain party set out, Hugh and Maurice bearing a basket each with some pleasant tit-bits for a little "al fresco" luncheon on the mountain top.

"Now, Maurice, I rely on you to allow these girls take no risks, or be too venturesome among those cliffs up there. Be home before twilight if possible, or else I will be imagining all sorts of happenings," Mrs. Desmond insists, as she fondly kissed the girls' cheeks.

"Have no fears, little mother, I will bring them back safe and sound; I wish you could come, mother mine," Maurice then whispered, "but it would tax your strength too much."

Ah, there is no mistaking how dear these two are to one another. How bright Kathleen's face grows as she looks up fondly at the noble face of her son, and how beautiful the tender light of love in his eyes, as he stoops down and kisses her faded cheek.

"Oh, God bless you, my darlings!" she murmurs, as she gazes after them up the shady boreen. "My brave, generous Maurice, and my gentle girl. Maurice, ashore machree! How can I live without you when you are gone? Ah, but I am consoled when I know how good and noble and true you are, my boy. Mary in heaven will watch over you ashore, and bring you back safe to your little mother. God's holy will be done."

Along the side of the babbling brook the little party wended its way. Now the pathway skirted the edges of precipices, with the music of the river eddying and leaping over rocky boulders coming up from below like some sweet summer symphony. Now it bordered the river where it ran wide and deep, kissing the waving ferns and soft greenery that fringed its banks. Maurice was a splendid cicerone. He knew every legend and every romance associated with the scenes and ruins round about. His manner of narrating these old tales had a charm all his own; he held his young listeners enthralled, and these old romances lingered in their minds forever. Arrived at the ivy-clad bridge that spans the river below the little hamlet of Ballybrack they rested for a long time.

"Is not this laughing river a faithful picture of man's life, Mary?" Hugh remarked, as he leant over the parapet and gazed down on the leaping waters. "Now singing its merry way as it leaps over the rocks, now calm and tranquil, now raging and foaming, until finally its waters drift out to the sea, and are lost in the vastness of the wide ocean. So it is with our lives. For a time we are buoyant with glad hopes and lofty ambitions; we sing and laugh through the years of youth, all roses, all perfume, all brightness. Then we meet the rocks of shattered hopes, ideals unfulfilled, ambitions rendered unattainable, and we journey along, tossed and buffeted by numerous obstacles, until we become accustomed to disappointment, and then we drift in sad, slow apathy to the relief death brings with it."

"Oh, Hugh, this is not surely your view of life," Mary answered. "Like the river, our lives certainly flow on with, perhaps, all the sorrows and trials you represent, but is not the calm, tranquil flow at the end rather the holy state of noble lives, in which they



disregard all those disappointments, or, rather, look on them and life itself only as tests, which, bravely endured, give them a better title to the joys and the glories of life eternal?"

"Mary, I am rebuked. Your view is certainly the better one, and, for you holy and good as you are, the true one. Will you not pray that I may come to regard life as you do, and be blessed by your true Catholic spirit when I am tried or crossed."

"Well, Hugh, you are certainly a model of humility," Mary laughed. "Fancy a young ascetic like you, destined as you are to be the expounder of every virtue from altar and pulpit, soliciting my poor prayers; it is truly admirable self-abasement."

"Ah, Mary, how far below the pinnacle on which you would place me do I stand. Mary, it is time you should know what I have already intimated to Jack and Maurice. I am not going to be a priest. I have found out to my dismay that I have no vocation to that holy state, and though this manifestation of God's will came on me at first like an earthquake shock, shattering all my hopes and dispelling all my bright allusions, none the less I know it to be a fact. Now I have schooled myself to look on it calmly enough, and to decide on what other career I shall embark my life."

Hugh had been gazing down on the laughing river while he imparted this news to his fair companion. A stifled sob from her caused him to look up quickly at her white face. So great was her emotion that she trembled like a fair lily before a sudden thunder-breeze. "Hugh," she said, in earnest accents; "is this so? Are you only the victim of a passing doubt, or have you made up your mind irrevocably? Oh, be sure you are acting in accordance with God's will ere you make so important a decision."



"Mary, I have decided, and finally, I know full well that I am doing right in not returning with Jack, so if I go back to Dublin it will be to study for a profession. God's will be done."

Mary's pale face blushed crimson. A joyous light beamed from her violet eyes, and Hugh, looking into their depths, feels that his love is returned. He feels an almost irresistible impulse to declare his love there and then to this pure girl, but he conquers it and resolves that not until he will be in a fair way at least towards winning an honourable career will he impart his heart's secret to this beloved girl.

And Mary, what are her feelings? She runs down the sloping bank to the river side to pluck a spray of wild rose-buds. As she kneels to reach them her eyes and her throbbing heart are turned heavenwards for an instant, as she murmurs, "Oh, God be thanked! Oh, Queen of Heaven! I may now love him till death, and be none the less thy child in loving him. Till death then will I love him, though never unsolicited shall he hear of my great love for him."

Maurice and Alice have gone on a long way ahead, she teasing and bantering as usual, and he treating her as a bright, merry child, and returning her banter with interest. Ah, Alice, little do you know what strong deep love for you Maurice keeps cloaked up from even the most suspicious, and little does he realise that with all your girlish vivacious ways, your heart is his and he is the hero of your life—the one man in the wide world for you.

"Whatever are those loiterers doing," queried Alice as she looked back, and saw no trace of Mary and Hugh.

"You just wait here, Alice," Maurice requested. "I will run back and hurry them a wee bit, and then

we must all keep together as I want to point out all St. Brendan's land-marks as we go along."

Mary and Hugh soon reappeared, and Maurice showed them where the pathway joined on to a causeway of flat stones sunk into the ground. This causeway, he said, could be traced all the way from the old Oratory at Gallerus over bog and stream and hill. There is an old tradition preserved by the peasants round about that St. Brendan left his solitary residence at Gallerus at the beginning of each summer for the Oratory on the mountain-top. So great was the crowd of pilgrims who accompanied him each year to his lofty abode of prayer, that it is related, that on one occasion having forgotten to bring a missal from his winter residence, the saint missed it when near Kilquane. He requested the pilgrims immediately behind him to give the word that it should be passed on, and so long was the procession that the last of the chain of pilgrims, who were leaving Gallerus, a distance of some eight miles away, found the book, and passed it on to the saint.

Having stopped a little at Ballybrack, where the simple village-folk had curtsies and blessings innumerable for "Masther Maurice, God bless him," and "Miss Mary, bless her purty face," their climb began in real earnest. An hour and a half's hard climbing over rock and heather, with many a pause to look back at the ever-changing loveliness of the valley beneath, and at last they reached the summit. A moment's gaze from their lofty eminence, and then a spontaneous cry of joy and wonder, burst from the lips of our four young friends as they looked out on a magnificent panorama of sea and hill and meadow-land, of bright lakes and great towns and clust'ring hamlets.

Never can any man gaze at a picture more beautiful or more enchanting than on this grand, wide unfolding of nature from the summit of this lordly monarch of the West Kerry hills. Down directly beneath their gaze is the little village of Cloghane, with its pretty church. Further away Castlegregory, with its lake and its long strand, further still the city of Tralee, Fenit Head, Kerry Head, and the Shannon, like a silvery thread widening out to a great estuary between the rugged rocks of Kerry Head and the no less rugged sides of Loop Head. Then, growing dimmer and dimmer along to the far horizon, the specks that tell us where the Holy Isles of Arran are, and a mark on the horizon itself where the far away Achill is buffeted by the wild western waves. Turning a little to the right is the pretty town of Dingle near by, with its white houses, and its lake-like harbour and wide bay dotted by fishing-vessels innumerable. Away beyond the bay the Iveragh Hills run from Valentia Island to the Killarney mountains. Maurice located Caherciveen, and Derrynane, the home of that eagle of the Kerry Hills, the great Emancipator, O'Connell. Turning round to look on the valley, from which they had come, they beheld it fair and lovely at their feet, with its streams and rivulets winding their way in silvery flow to the ocean. They beheld, too, all the well-known scenes of the Western Promontory. Ventry, with its harbour and strand, the scene of that battle of giants in days of old. Near Ventry, Mount Eagle, and Sleah Head, and the distant Blashets. Truly in the world, but not of it, was Brendan, when he prayed and meditated on this high mount. The thousand sounds of daily life come up from below. The lowing of the cows, the whistle of the shepherds, the singing of the farm hands, the barking of the dogs, come up distinct



indeed, but like sounds from another world to this isolated peak.

"Oh, is it not a living sermon on God's omnipotence," Mary murmured in tones of awe.

"Or rather a reflection of His transcendent beauty, sister mine," Maurice answered, as he linked his arm in her's.

"And here is the ruin of St. Brendan's cell, and here his holy well trickling out from under it, I suppose," Hugh queried, as he looked on the little mound and the well at his feet.

"Yes, Hugh, this is the scene of the saint's musings with God," Maurice answered, "and surely there is no spot on earth better suited for holy contemplation."

"And here no doubt the saint had visions of the far Western continent, the Ultima Thule beyond the Atlantic wave to which God was calling him," Alice added, as she turned westwards and looked out over the wide main. Then she repeated some of Florence McCarthy's verses from the voyage of St. Brendan:—

"I grew to manhood by the western wave,  
Among the mighty mountains on the shore;  
My bed, the rock within some natural cave,  
My food whate'er the seas or seasons bore;  
My occupation, morn and noon and night,  
The only dream my hasty slumbers gave,  
Was Time's unheeding, unreturning flight,  
And the great world that lies beyond the grave.  
And then I saw the mighty sea expand  
Like Time's unmeasured and unfathomed waves;  
One with its tide-marks on the ridgy sand,  
The other with its line of weedy graves;  
And as beyond the outstretched wave of time,  
The eye of Faith a brighter land may meet.  
So did I dream of some more sunny clime,  
Beyond the waste of waters at my feet.



Some clime where man, unknowing and unknown  
For God's refreshing word still gasps and faints;  
Or happier rather some Elysian zone,  
Made for the habitation of His saints.  
Where Nature's love, the sweat of labour spares,  
Nor turns to usury the wealth it lends,  
Where the rich soil spontaneous harvest bears,  
And the tall tree, with milk-filled clusters bends.  
And angels came and whispered as I dreamt:  
"This is no phantom of a frenzied brain—  
God shows this land from time to time to tempt,  
Some daring mariner across the main;  
By thee the mighty venture must be made  
By thee shall myriad souls to Christ be won.  
Arise, depart and trust to God for aid,  
I woke and, kneeling, cried: 'His will be done.'"

"Bravo, Alice!" Hugh and Maurice exclaimed.  
"Why you seemed like one inspired yourself," Maurice continued, "as you recited those beautiful lines and looked out over the ocean, but what a memory you've got!"

"Memory! Why, Maurice," Mary interjected, "she can quote just as easily passages from all the poets, but the Irish ones are her favourites."

"Oh, yes!" laughed Alice; "I am Irish to the core. My father says, that had I lived in more stirring times, I would be a veritable Queen Scotia leading hosts of warriors to do battle for my dark Rosaleen."

Hugh and Maurice laughed heartily at the idea of this slight, slim golden-haired girl playing the part of the Amazon Queen, who met her death while unfurling her sacred Banner on the slopes of Glen Scoheen.

"Well, girls! What about some lunch?" Maurice queried as he lit his pipe and passed his tobacco pouch to Hugh. "Hugh and I will have a few whiffs while

you are disposing the contents of our baskets on the green sward."

The young men strolled away to some distance, then suddenly Maurice turned to Hugh, and clasping his hand in a strong warm grasp, said: "Hugh, God knows how long it may be ere we gaze together from this holy mount again. You have to begin a new life, and I—I must tear myself away from dear old Ireland, and the friends I love best. Ere we part let us promise now, here on St. Brendan's holy mountain, that we will be true knight-errants true to our faith and true to Ireland, aye and true till death." They both uncovered their heads, and, raising their eyes to heaven with clasped hands, murmured in low, earnest accents, "Yes, true till death."

A hearty luncheon of cold fowl and delicious ham, home-made scones, salmon mayonnaise and other toothsome luxuries, washed down by a cool draught from the waters of the holy well. Then a last, long look at the lovely scenes around once more, and our four young friends turned their steps homewards, where they arrived in the balmy twilight, when the stars had begun to show their twinkling lamps, and the cheery lights shone out from the windows of Carrigmore.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Frank O'Riordan Meets His Fate.

The young sportsmen had spent just as enjoyable a day as Maurice's party did, though it must be admitted, sorry as we are to chronicle it, they did not return with such full bags as they had anticipated. The drive to Dingle was very enjoyable. Jack Desmond took great delight in drawing out the young M.D., and many and hearty were the outbursts of laughter the young men gave vent to at the recital by O'Riordan of his many escapades and adventures in city and in hall. Frank had a great weakness for ladies fair, so much so that in the sunshine of every new charmer's presence, he forgot all his old attachments and was ready, seemingly, to surrender heart and hand to the new enchantress. Jack, Arthur and Harry were well aware of this, and consequently many were the winks and sundry nudges that passed between them as Jack's interest in Miss Barrett increased visibly as they approached her father's home.

As they drove up the avenue that led to the Grove House, a young lady in riding costume, on a splendid black mare, cantered briskly round the bend in their direction. She pulled up to salute the gentlemen, and Frank's previous idol fell immediately from her throne at the sight of this fair equestrienne.

Eileen Barrett is, indeed, a handsome girl, and her graceful carriage, as she reins in her splendid mount, shows off to perfection her particular style of beauty. She is black-haired and black-eyed with a magnificent complexion, whose healthy hue is no doubt heightened by the exercise of her morning ride, and this sudden and unexpected meeting with our young friends.



"Well Art. and Harry and Jack, this is indeed a pleasure," she uttered, as she shook hands with the young men.

"This is our cousin, Doctor Frank O'Riordan," Jack announced, as he introduced the young medico.

Eileen bowed a graceful acknowledgement, and Frank doffed his hat with such a ludicrous air of extra gallantry that the lads rudely I suppose, but certainly unavoidably, laughed a merry laugh, which the young lady joined in most heartily. Her silvery mirth had such a merry peal that Frank, who could not be offended, caught the contagion, and, seeing the joke, made even a more extravagant salutation than before. From that moment Frank and Miss Barrett were fast friends, and leaping lightly from the jaunting-car, he led her horse up the avenue, while she made numerous enquiries from Jack about his parents, Mary, Maurice, and all at Carrigmore.

"I am so glad you came to-day, Jack. Father is going back to London to-morrow. It is a rare treat to have him home now, and when he is home he is often so tired and worn that I am loth to let him go away again."

"Your worthy father is certainly wearing himself out in his country's cause Eileen, Jack answered, but I know you too well to think that you would wish him away from the political arena, no matter how great the cost when his voice is so powerfully raised in the National Cause."

"Yes, Jack! that is so, but still it is hard to know that he is in danger of shattering his health completely by over-work. However, God is good," she added brightly. "And He will, I trust, spare my father to Ireland and to me for a long time to come."

They had now arrived at the house, a fine three-storied mansion, o'ergrown with dark green ivy and



creeping roses, with big bay windows on the first floor looking out on a gravelled terrace and wide lawn with bright flower-beds. Eileen dismounted and led them to the hall door. Old Mick Brien, the gardener, took charge of Jack's conveyance and the black mare.

"Hallo, Eileen!" greeted Stephen Barrett himself, as he opened the door. "Why back so soon? Who have we here? Why, Jack, my boy, is it you? And Art. and Harry! But who is this young man?"

"This is Doctor Frank O'Riordan, of Tralee, Jack's cousin, Father," Eily replied.

"What, Myles O'Riordan's son! Welcome my boy for your father's sake. 'Cead Mile Failte,' Jack and my other young gossips. I am so glad you have come, as I was just anxious for a bit of sport, and I must be off in the morning. Eileen, see what Peggy has got for lunch, and tell her hurry up, as I know these lads are anxious for a crack at the snipe."

"Isn't she a stunner!" whispered Frank to Harry, as they entered the library. "By George, Harry, I'm hit at last. Eileen Barrett is my fate. What a lovely girl she is!"

"Ha, ha! laughed Harry, as they paused behind the others. By Jove though, Frank! I would not be surprised if she did steal your heart. She is one of the finest girls I know, and can follow the hounds and leap an ugly fence with the best rider in the county."

"Well, Jack! and when am I to get your blessing?" queried Stephen Barrett, as he sat with the young student near the window.

"Next June, please God," Jack answered. "And Mr. Barrett, you must be present at my ordination."

"Of course he will," Eileen, who had just entered, answered for him. "And you know, Father, you must take me, as I have long ago promised his future Reverence to be present on that solemn occasion."

"Yes, indeed, Jack, if I be in the land of the living, I will certainly be present at your ordination, and be among the first to receive the priestly blessing from the son of my old friend, Martin Desmond."

"Now, gentlemen, come along to lunch, and take 'pot luck' at whatever Peggy can give you. She is in high dudgeon because you did not send word you were coming. She would like to have prepared a repast, 'a Paris,' for a Desmond of Carrigmore."

"I am sure, Miss Barrett, if I may speak for my friends and myself, that Peggy can make her mind easy, for after our long drive we could relish even a meal of 'potatoes and point,'" Frank answered.

"Well, come along then boys," invited Mr. Barrett, "and do justice to whatever there is."

The luncheon was Epicurean. Roast pullets, delicious bacon, laughing, flowery potatoes, with many other appetising etceteras, and some of Mr. Barrett's oldest claret, or if anybody so preferred with Doctor Frank, a bumper of John Jameson's best usquebaugh to offer as a libation to Dame Peggy's culinary art.

"Now, lads, for some shooting, if you will." Eileen, you take the boys up the hill to that patch of heather. It has not been touched this year, and I am certain there are a few grouse up there. Jack and I will follow on when I have put my gun to rights."

"Very well, Father," she answered. "Doctor O'Riordan, you are as ardent a sportsman as Harry, here, I presume. He and father did dire havoc 'mid the woodcock up there in the Highlands during the last Xmas holidays."

"Yes! Miss Barrett, I was once a very keen sport, though as its several years since I've done any shooting, I doubt if I can hit a bird at all now."

Eileen led them out by a back gate to a furze-shaded breen that was the approach to the heather. They

proceeded slowly, chatting gaily, and anticipating good sport, as Eileen told them this was her father's pet preserve.

"I cannot tell you, Jack, how I would enjoy a complete rest at home, free from the cares and anxieties of public life," Stephen Barrett said, as he and Jack Desmond sauntered leisurely up the road, where the others had gone. "But now, more than ever, rest is impossible, as every honest man in the Party must stick to it and work might and main to repair the effects of our late terrible disgrace."

"How is the Party working now, Mr. Barrett?" Jack queried.

"Oh, we are pulling together excellently, but it will take some time before we can regain all our lost influence. Jack, is it not the curse of the country that, just at the moment when brighter days are dawning, dissension and discord will arise? And, lo, we are plunged back into the old unhappy state of things and stand out before the world, objects of pity to happier nations and of derision to our enemies."

"Yes," Jack agreed, "it is extraordinary considering how ardently as a people we love our country. It was civil strife that first weakened the chieftains and provincial kings long ago, and left them so helpless, when the Normans came. And ever since, when there was any effort made to ameliorate our condition, whether by arms or debate, there have always been disaffected parties to render the effort futile, or Irish traitors to sell us for English blood-money."

"Oh, Jack, it is pitiable to think of it; let us not talk of it," Stephen Barrett exclaimed.

Stephen Barrett had been one of the most faithful followers of Parnell in Parnell's palmy days, when he was the idol of his country and the wise, undaunted leader of his party. But when Parnell disgraced his



name, his cause and his country, by being one of the principals in the O'Shea divorce scandal, and when he was denounced by the priesthood as unworthy to lead the band of men fighting for their country's rights in the British Parliament, Mr. Barrett, staunch Catholic and honourable, upright man that he was, recognised the justice of the priests' denouncements, and renounced allegiance to the man whom he still revered for what he had been, before a moral blight had cankered the glory of his private and political life. Like every true Irish Catholic, the voice of his Church was always final for him, and so he for a time was persecuted by those who abandoned themselves to that mad wave of anti-clericalism that passed over the land. He had suffered insults and rebuffs from the irreligious Parnellite faction, but his own electors esteemed and loved him. He still represented his constituents in Parliament, and was one of the most loyal, as well as one of the most eloquent and talented supporters of the New Nationalist Leader. Parnell was now no more, and a happier state of things had stamped out the passing frenzy that had been the sequel to the "split," as it was called. But years of anxiety and worry have left their mark on Stephen Barrett, and have considerably impaired his vigour and undermined his health. However, his country still requires his services, and unselfishly and unstintingly he gives them to her.

They had traversed some hundred yards of gorse land without having met with any birds. But Bruno, the black setter, has found something a few yards ahead. Whirr, whirr, almost from under feet rose a brace of grouse, flying in opposite directions. Bang, bang went both guns together, and both birds dropped. There seemed to be a scarcity of birds in the heather, for they secured only one other bird, after

half-an-hour's plodding about. The three lads with Eileen had taken the other side of the hill, but they must have travelled over it quickly, as they were now down the swamp near Sugar-Loaf. If the number of shots fired was any indication, the party must have met with better luck down there, but when Stephen Barrett and Jack joined them they ascertained that they had not been even as fortunate as themselves.

Art. and Harry had secured a bird each, but Frank, though really a good shot, in his anxiety to do great things in Eileen's presence, had missed his bird every time. As a consequence, the lads made him the victim to some very severe bantering, but the doctor's good-humour was imperturbable. Just as Mr. Barrett and Jack came on the scene, Frank thought he noticed something move in a clumb of rushes near by. He pointed his gun and stepped cautiously back in order to be within good range when the supposed snipe would arise, but he unfortunately had not noticed a bog-hole behind him, and before the others could warn him, he had stepped right into it and fallen over the bank into the thick inky slime. He presented such a ludicrous appearance when they had helped him to scramble out, that Eileen and the others gave vent to peal after peal of irrepressible laughter. His clothes were all covered in bog-slime. His face was liberally patched with the same pleasant substance. His mouth was wide open, and he scratched his head furiously, as if still at a loss to know what sudden calamity had befallen him. Then, realising the comicality of the situation, he began to chant in a most doleful way, "Massa's in de cold, cold ground."

Eileen had to rest on an old stump of bog-oak, with her hand to her side, before she could recover from the almost hysterical fit of laughter, which his appearance excited.

"Eh, Miss Barrett," Frank queried, as he bowed and scraped before her. "What do you think of me for a Christy Minstrel?"

"Well, Frank, my man," Stephen Barrett exclaimed, as the tears of excessive mirth rolled down his face. "You are a genuine brick, a marvel of good temper. May God spare you your light heart and bright spirits, my boy. But come, let us get home as quickly as possible, or you will get your death in those reeking clothes."

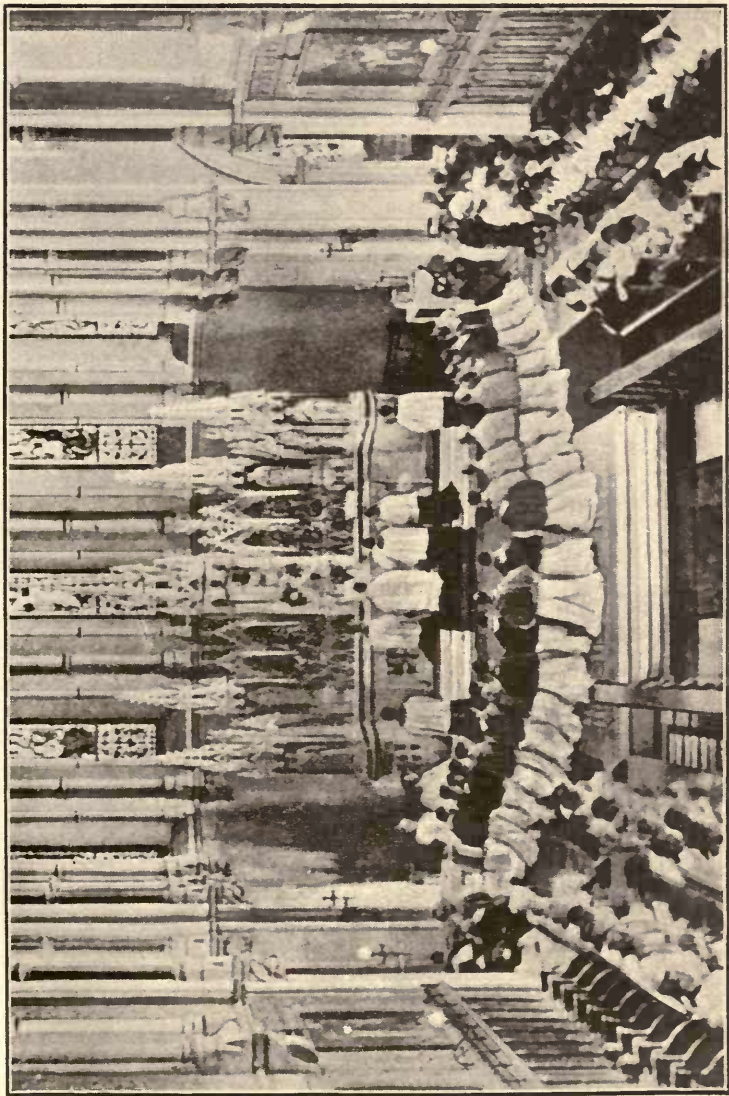
Mr. Barrett and Frank hurried on before the others, who followed them leisurely.

"Jack!" exclaimed Eileen. "I am so pleased I have met your cousin, Doctor O'Riordan. I think him the most genuinely gay and good-tempered man I have ever known."

"Yes, indeed, Eileen," Jack replied. "It would require a catastrophe of a very dire nature to throw a gloom over Frank. And better still, he is at heart the kindest and sincerest friend a man can have."

The twilight had given place to dusk when our friends left "Grove House." Frank had donned a suit of his host's, which fitted him tolerably well. He and Mr. Barrett had discussed many things during the evening, and Eileen, an eager listener, found that this bright young fellow was a man of keen intellect and scholarly attainments. Stephen Barrett took a great liking to him, and insisted that Frank would, without ceremony, visit them as often as his cousins, and make himself at home at "Grove House."





ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE CHURCH ORDINATION SERVICE.





## CHAPTER V.

### Shadows.

There is a cloud of care on Martin Desmond's usually cheery face as he walks down the Main street of the quaint old town of Dingle on the day after our young friends had enjoyed themselves so well at "Grove House" and Mount Brandon. The streets are crowded, for it is the monthly fair. Old acquaintances greet him at every step, but he just shakes hands and excuses himself, saying he is very busy. Near the Mall he meets two of his special cronies, Robert O'Donnell and Jim Lynch.

"Good-day, Martin old man. How is every inch of you? O'Donnell greets. "We were just wishing you would join us at dinner up at Benner's. Come along and have a nip before we dine."

"Yes, Desmond!" Lynch adds. "We want something to cheer us up after the bad fair. The fairs are going to hell lately. I had fifty head of as prime bullocks as you could look at from here to the Golden Vale. But the devil a bid did I get for them. It's drawing near rent day, too. If things keep on like this, I'll have to clear out."

"By Jove! Jim; it will be the same with a good many of us," O'Donnell added. "Ah, Martin, my man; it is well for you, who have no grasping absentee landlords or officious agents to trouble you. 'Twill be a happy day for Ireland if ever that day does come, when we can all be as independent as you. But come along, we will be late for dinner at the hotel."

"Bob and Jim, you must excuse me to-day. I have an appointment with Corrigan, and as I want to see



him on important business, I must be off at once." He shook hands again, and turned hastily down the Mall, never noticing the numerous greetings from farmers, young and old, as he walked quickly on, for Martin Desmond is popular with all classes throughout the district.

At the end of the Mall he leaves the street and goes out the Cooleen walk, a lovely promenade that runs along the pretty harbour out to where the old lighthouse stands, and the tide comes in from the wide bay. There are no lovers out here to-day, and no holiday-makers to disturb his musings, for he wishes to be alone, alone with the great trouble that is crushing his heart and stunning his brain.

"Independent! My God! It is my own fault that I am not so. Ah, Brian O'Donnell! little do you know what a slave I am, and to a wretched miserable miser who has a mortgage on my home and my property up to the last penny of its value. But why do I blame him? Is it not my own mad, selfish love of gambling and horse-racing, that has little by little brought me under his power! And now cruel, avaricious wretch that he is, he will have no mercy. Oh, how I have sold my loved ones to poverty. Kathleen, my gentle wife, my lovely girl, and my brave boys!"

The anguish of this strong man is terrible to behold as he thinks of the consequences now almost inevitable, which he, though never intentionally, has brought on those he loves with all the ardour of his great big heart. The little wavelets frisk and gleam at his feet, the sun shines out brightly, a lark carols its summer song high up in the clouds, and merry children are singing and laughing in a little skiff out there in the picture-harbour. Everything is bright and glad, but there is gloom and anguish in Martin's heart. How little accord there is often times between

the gay brightness of nature and the sadness of men's hearts.

A long time he pauses and thinks his melancholy thoughts. Then he murmurs a prayer to His Crucified Saviour for help and speaks his thoughts aloud.

"Well, there is no use in sinking under the blow. I staked everything on Sarsfield, and he got killed at the hurdle. Before I speak to Maurice and tell him all, I must see Corrigan, though a man may as well seek mercy from the Evil one as from him."

Martin Desmond has always been a lover of the turf. For years he has bred horses, and, until recently, has had a singular run of good luck; but as is almost always the way, he has at last met with serious reverses, especially during the last three years.

Shamrock, a horse first favourite for the Curragh three years ago, was poisoned by some dastard the night before the event. Tara, Owen Roe, Slasher, Malachi, all entered for big events and backed heavily by him, have been failures. Such a run of ill-luck has had its consequences. To meet his debts of honour, he has had to borrow money from Mr. Corrigan, and Leslie Corrigan, solicitor and land-agent for Lord Dunquin, for his own crafty designs, was only too eager to lend big sums, Martin staking his property every time as security. Always hopeful that the tide would turn, he backed his horses more rashly than ever, and hoped that Sarsfield, a fine horse, on whom he had staked his all, would win him independence once more. Sarsfield was a fine animal; his trainer, Myles Byrne, was confident that nothing in the country could come near him, but alas! Maurice this morning received a wire that at the Tralee Big Meeting, at the last round, when he was leading easily, Sarsfield, whether by accident or design on the rider's part was not known, came down at the big double

jump, and was so seriously injured that he had to be shot on the spot.

This was the tidings that came such a crushing blow on Martin Desmond this morning and worked such a sudden transformation in his bright, cheery nature.

"Well, I must see what can yet be done to save the old place from Corrigan," he utters aloud. He started suddenly; somebody had come up unawares and placed his hand on Martin's shoulder.

"What, Dermot, my boy! When did you come home and what are you doing here?"

The last words were addressed to a tall, well-proportioned boy of seventeen summers.

"Father, I came from Tralee this morning. I was on my way from the station with Byrne, when I saw you come out this way round Cooleen. You did not notice me, but I saw by your face that some more terrible trouble than the accident to Sarsfield must be weighing on your mind. Dear old Father, I know all. Maurice and I have known how things stood for some time back, and I realise what the mishap yesterday must mean to you. But, Father, all is not yet lost. Rosaleen is still left, and I would lay any odds that she is the best bit of horse-flesh we have ever bred. The hill-farm is still unmortgaged. Corrigan has his eye on that, I know. Enter Rosaleen for the Dingle Cup, which comes off early next month. Stake the hill-farm 'gainst five thousand the horse will win the race. I know her and she knows me, and, Father, I will ride her to win for your sake and mother's, and those we both love best."

Desmond fairly broke down as this, his youngest boy but a short time before emancipated from Clongowes, instead of reproaching him, suggests, with all the enthusiasm of youth, a last alternative. Just such



a brave youth he must have been himself as this handsome, sturdy boy, who, even in his fresh young manhood, strongly resembles the father, whom he consoles.

"God bless you, Dermot, my boy! So you know all," he says. "Yes, avic machree, I will try this last stroke, win or lose. Better that we should lose all, than that the Desmonds of Corrignore should be forced to leave their ancestral home and reside on a little hill-side farm."

"Bravo, Dad. Now I must be off and consult Maurice. You go and fix up things with that Shylock Corrigan. Meantime, let us show bright faces and keep cheery words for Mother and Mary."

. . . . .  
"Yes, Dermot; it's a mad venture, just another gamble. I know Maurice is saying half an hour later, as he and his young brother discuss Dermot's scheme in a private parlour at Benner's. But, lad, things have come to such a desperate turn with us now that we must have recourse to this rash attempt. If you and Rosaleen win, Father can keep Corrigan off for some years. Meantime, you must take my place, Dermot, while I try my luck in the Sunny South. Yes, Dermot, I give my consent; let us trust in God."

"Thanks Maurice," Dermot answers. "God helping your confidence in me will not be misplaced. I feel certain Rosaleen will win."

## CHAPTER VI.

### Leslie Corrigan.

Leslie Corrigan, barrister and solicitor, and land agent to Frederick Herbert Lord Dunquin, is in the best of spirits this Saturday afternoon. Dermot Desmond, in conversation with his father that morning, had referred to him as that Shylock Corrigan, and certainly young Dermot had a good conception of the Jew in the "Merchant of Venice" who would have his pound of flesh, when he recognised his living impersonation in Corrigan, usurer, bigot, and extortioner. Cromwell is a name accursed in Ireland, and justly so, but not less intensely hated, aye, and feared and loathed is the name of Corrigan all over this western promontory, from Tralee to the far Blaskets.

The agent of a landlord, not too bad if he would only manage his own affairs, but why do I palliate in any way the crime of a man who selfishly disregards the wrongs of his miserable tenantry, and places them at the mercy of a Nero, who suits his lordship only too well, because the more he extorts and persecutes the greater will be his lordship's income, and so he can lord it with the best of them in his princely home at West End, be the star of fashion in the Riviera, and the boldest of the bold at Monte Carlo.

The unscrupulous agent, then, of an indifferent absentee landlord is the position Mr. Corrigan fills with due credit to all the sordid sentiments of his selfish soul. He is in splendid spirits this afternoon. His plot has worked out admirably, he thinks. That fool, so he dubs him, Martin Desmond, has been caught in the trap, and now he has him completely at

his mercy, and can satisfy at the same time his avarice and his hatred.

"Carrigmore," as it is in Martin's time, is a fine property of some two thousand acres. Through persecution and confiscation, the Desmonds, once lords of half the county, have kept the old house, and this remnant of their once wide acres, free from the grasping hands of alien adventurers. They were consequently independent, both of Lord Dunquin and his zealous minion, and Martin and his sons have never failed when opportunity presented to assert their independence and show especially their contempt for Mr. Leslie Corrigan. It has been the thorn in that worthy individual's side for years past, this manifest contempt shown by Desmond and his brood of Papists, as Corrigan styles them, but, like another Uriah Heep, he has always kept his hatred disguised and has cringed and fawned before them, and so his joy was great when Desmond three years ago, without being politic enough to cloak his contempt, came to him for the first loan.

Corrigan has stopped at nothing; he made his own terms, and has been extravagant in satisfying his hate. If the secret could be laid bare to Desmond, he would not wonder so much how all his splendid horses have been failures for so long a time. Would Corrigan only speak, he could tell who had bribed the jockeys and paid the price to the wretch who poisoned Shamrock on the night before the race. Knowing so much, dear readers, we will not be surprised when we listen to the agent's soliloquy this morning.

"Ha-ha-ha," he chuckles as he paces the floor of his luxurious private office, and rubs his hands together ever so complacently. "By Jove, that fellow Condon is a brick. He did that job well for me, and then he is such a plausible rogue. Desmond would have



staked another thousand on the honesty of his rider. Ah, the fool! Now I have him and his proud brats at my mercy. He will have to cringe to me—to me, Leslie Corrigan, whom he has insulted and despised. By God! I will beggar him. I will throw him and his out on the roadside, as I have done to his fellow-papists times innumerable. I hate him! I hate him, and I would sell my soul to hell twice over to have my revenge."

Corrigan's face, always repulsive, has become positively hideous now, like that of a being possessed as he exults in his fiendish hatred over the revenge within his grasp. How like a devil man becomes when he abandons himself to the worst passions of the human heart. Ah, Martin Desmond, there is no mercy here, and Dermot, my boy! It will be bad for you and yours should your Rosaleen not fulfil your sanguine expectations.

There is a knock at the door. A clerk announces Mr. Desmond, and Corrigan's face resumes its sleek look again.

"How d'ye do, Desmond? I am honoured, I am sure, by a visit from the squire of Carrigmore. What can I do for you to-day?" he glibly asks as he holds out a fat, soapy hand.

Martin refuses the proffered greeting, and a scowl passes for a moment over the low brows and red-ferret eyes of Corrigan.

"Corrigan, I am sure you have heard the news. Sarsfield was killed yesterday at the last leap. Curse you, why do you pretend surprise when you are aware of the fact already and are exulting at it, I know. But Corrigan, do not think I am going to cringe to you. I despise you now as much as ever, though I have to ask for mercy from you. My God, that it

should come to this, that I must ask favours from the like of you!"

"Ha, Desmond, has it come to this?" Corrigan taunts, in jeering tones. "Now I tell you that I hate you, and tell you, too, that you will have no mercy from me. You never paused to tell the gentry about here what you thought of me. Through your influence chiefly I was banned from their society, and I, I have lived for this. Damn you, you beggar; you will have no mercy from me," he hissed. "Carrigmore is now mine, house and lands, and out you go, aye this coming week. You will be paupers. Ha-ha-ha! the descendants of the Desmonds paupers. Carrigmore will be Corrigan's home, and perhaps that highly-accomplished daughter of yours will be glad to share it with me."

Martin choked back a mighty rage. He grasped the desk near by to steady himself; the veins stood out in his forehead in the effort to keep his anger under restraint. But the last taunt of the scoundrel's was too much. Desmond leaped on his tormentor; he grasped his throat in his strong right hand, and shook him until the wretch was well-nigh strangled. Then he flung him cowering on the floor, and stood over him quivering with passion.

"Curse you, you vile mongrel! How dare you taunt me to my face. Down on your knees and apologise this instant. Take back your last words, or by Heaven I will end your worthless existence."

"Oh, Mr. Desmond," Corrigan whined, in terror. "I did not mean all I said. I was just beside myself for the moment. I apologise most humbly for anything I may have said in passion."

"You lying, whimpering dog!" Martin retorted. "Why should I put myself out so for a worm like you. Now, listen. I will give you an opportunity to

revenge yourself still more on me. The hill-farm is still untouched. You ought secure that with the rest. The Dingle Cup comes off next month. I have still another horse left. The farm is worth at least five thousand. I will stake that farm 'gainst its value that Rosaleen wins. Mind you, if she does you must pay me five thousand. I will refund it to you as portion of my debt, and the agreement between us was that you cannot touch Carrigmore until the very last acre is mortgaged. Now, think over this opportunity of satisfying your hate to the full, and depriving me of every acre I possess."

Corrigan thought for some time in silence. He weighed everything in his mind. "I can buy the rider this time, as I did the others," he muses. "He must lose this time again, and then I will have ruined him completely. Yes! I will embrace the opportunity," he decides in silence.

"Desmond," he says. "To prove to you that I mean you no harm, I will take up your bet. Forget my hasty words a moment ago. You know I esteem you so much that your unvarying contempt maddens me, and this morning I lost control of myself."

"Yes, Corrigan; I take your words for what they are worth," Martin answers. "Now get your papers and witnesses, and let us sign the proper agreements, so that all may be duly fixed up between us."

The papers were procured and signed. Desmond, without even a good-day, left Corrigan's office and hastened to his hotel, where he carefully washed his hands, as if he had been in contact with something unclean.



## CHAPTER VII.

### Mass at Carrig Church.

Sunday morning—and our friends at Carrigmore are preparing to drive to Carrig Church for the eleven o'clock Mass. There is scarcely ever an earlier Mass, as the priest always celebrates the Holy Sacrifice at Ballyferriter at nine, and then comes on to Carrig.

There is no breakfast at Carrigmore this morning, as all our friends are to receive their Blessed Lord in the sacrament of His love. Maurice, Hugh O'Sullivan and Dermot set out on horseback, while Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, Mary, Alice and Jack drive off in the big family waggonette.

Ah, God be with old Ireland; it is still the land of faith, the grand Catholic land where religion is first and foremost before everything, and the Mass recognised as God's greatest blessing, and the people's priceless, heaven-endowed gift. What a lesson to an outsider to behold all these old men and women riding and driving in their rough carts, or for the most part trudging briskly along to be in time for the Holy Sacrifice. Our Carrigmore friends are smiled on and greeted by all. Groups of young girls in their cashmere dresses and woolleen shawls, worn with the sweetest grace possible, or clothed in their bright cloth cloaks, with the daintily quilted hoods thrown back from their rosy cheeks, trip daintily along. Bodies of splendid young men, straight and strong in their holiday suits and white Sunday shirts, their jackets thrown over their shoulders to give them greater ease. What splendid young Irish manhood! What fair, fresh, maidenly beauty! Alas, the follow-

ing spring will find many of them bidding a last adieu to the land of their birth, as the busy tender will steam out from Queenstown to the big liner that will bear them over the Atlantic, all to drudgery and toil; some to ill-health and poverty; and some, oh, God, to think of it, for these pure merry, laughing maids, to something far worse still, but unutterable—away in the great crowded cities of the far-away West.

Let us listen to their greetings. They are not the formal and conventional "How de do's," "Good mornings," "Glad to see yous" that have been the fashion throughout the English-speaking world, since materialism usurped the primal place, and religion was consigned to the back-ground. No, every greeting in the soft Celtic language of prayer and faith is a blessing invoked:—"God's blessing be on you," "God and Mary be with you," and other such holy salutations that must be heard in heaven, and give joy to Jesus and Mary for simple faith, still predominant here in this ocean-buffeted promontory.

The roads from every direction are thronged with people all wending their way to the little church near the sea. From the foot of Mount Brandon they come, from Holy Kilquane, from distant Maum, from Keel and Smerwick and Gallerus, and all the other hamlets they hurry, for nearly all are to approach the holy table on this the First Sunday of the Month, and so they must tell the faults of their lives to their Soggarth and receive absolution.

It is a lovely drive along by the cliffs, with the fresh sea-breeze blowing in from the ocean. Scenes and ruins, hallowed by old memories of saints and heroes are everywhere visible, and faith and patriotism are stimulated even as if those holy scenes and hoary ruins could speak to us. In this western parish there are no other denominations. All are Catholics, save,

perhaps, a few of the coastguards down at the station at Ballydavid, and these often come and worship with their Catholic neighbours.

The Church is a solid stone Gothic building, ornamented by no tower or turret. There is a little belfry surmounted by a cross over the end door that faces the altar. Inside it is poor in the extreme. The carved oaken altar is decked by pious hands with fragrant flowers. There are very few seats. One of the few belongs to the Desmond family. There are a few coloured prints of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception hanging in the sanctuary. These, with a little improvised altar of our Lady, on which is placed, mid vases of roses, a white plaster statue of the Mother Immaculate, complete the scanty furniture of God's House.

The priest is hearing confessions in the vestry, and a big crowd of people is kneeling at the vestry door. These simple folks have very little to confess, and soon our Carrigmore friends have been heard, too, and then a short time afterwards the bell rings, and the priest begins the Holy Sacrifice. It is a poor, humble edifice, but it is dear to Martin Desmond and his family, and no wonder. The grand, stately Church of St. Mary's, Dingle, is situated almost as near their home as this little Church, but they prefer to worship here.

Oh, God be praised. Faith is not yet dead. In Holy Ireland it is still as fresh and as pure as ever, and nowhere, perhaps, is this so evident as here each succeeding Sunday, in this lowly little country Church. No need to preach to these holy souls of St. Leonard of Port Maurice's method of hearing Mass; no need to tell them of any of the other methods so wisely recommended. They hear Mass as the angels do. The men are kneeling all along one side; the women and



maidens kneel along the other. Nearly all have rosaries twined round their hands. Sometimes their heads are bowed in sorrow for sins committed; sometimes their eyes are raised in very ecstasy of faith to the altar. To see their rapt faces is to behold the outward manifestations of adoration of sorrow and love, of thanksgiving for divine favours bestowed, and petitions for further love and mercy. They do not behold the priest; they behold Christ. They have no need to stimulate their fervour; they see Calvary before them. And then, when the bell tinkles, and when Jesus is raised after the consecration, a hush of holy awe falls on the congregation; then hearts throb with love, and there is a murmured welcome from every lip. "Failte, Cead mile failte, O Hierna O Dia." Welcome, a hundred thousand welcomes, O Lord, O God. Surely heaven is open to the prayers of these simple souls, and there arise to the throne of God more pleasing aspirations, more fervent acts of love, than from the grandest cathedral or the most gorgeous basilica in the world.

When the priest turns round to distribute the Bread of Life, one would imagine himself back in the catacombs with the martyrs, or on the bleak hill-sides of Ireland in times of persecution, so loving and so reverent is the way in which the people receive their Divine Guest.

Father Tim McCarthy is a fluent speaker of the old tongue. To-day he addresses his people in earnest, vigorous language, denouncing the one sin and the one evil that mars the lives of his parishioners. That evil is the drink evil. He tells them how it debases and enslaves them in such forcible words, and paints how offensive to God drunkenness is, in such lurid terms, that many a poor fellow in the congregation, who had fallen into excesses in the way mentioned in

the past, resolves to rise above his weakness, God assisting, and shun the public-house for evermore.

Mass and sermon ended, Hugh and Jack went round to the vestry, where Father Tim was having his homely breakfast.

"Welcome, my bouchels," was the priest's cheery salutation. "Surely, Jack, you do not want your letter of commendation on your conduct during the holidays just yet. I know what I will write. 'The biggest rascal that was ever emancipated from the soutane, etc., etc.' Pardon my joke, Jack, my boy. Come home next summer with the Melchisidech. You know, I've been promising myself a holiday in the event of your ordination these five years back. So you must do a month next summer for your poor old pastor."

"With the greatest pleasure, Father Tim, if I be ordained; and now I will say good-bye for the present, as Hugh wants a word with you."

"Good-bye, Jack. God bless you and help you to persevere in your holy vocation."

When Jack had gone out, Hugh unfolded to the good priest his doubts and troubles, and informed him that he had decided not to return to All Hallows. Father Tim listened without interruption, then he made Hugh sit down near him, and taking his hand in his, said:—

"Hugh, my boy! I approve with all my heart of your decision. I certainly agree that you have no vocation to the priesthood. God, no doubt, wants you to do some noble work in the world as a layman. We cannot all be priests, my lad; the Church needs good Catholic laymen. Those years you have spent at All Hallows are not wasted. You have learnt many lessons that will stand you in good stead. In regard to your feelings towards Mary Desmond, you have my heartiest approval. I think love for such a good,

pure girl as she will be a great safeguard to you, 'mid the temptations of city life. Go now, my lad, may God bless you, and, Hugh, always come to me when you are in any trouble. Your father was my best friend on earth, and at his dying bed I promised him to be a father to you, Hugh. You will come to me when you want me, my son, promise."

"Father, I promise," Hugh answers, as he kneels before him, "but before I go I want your blessing."

Father Tim raised his eyes to Heaven, then laid his hands on Hugh's head and blessed him.

"Go, now, my son," he said again, as he grasped his hand, "and may Jesus and Mary protect you."

Hugh's eyes were moist as he left the vestry and knelt before the altar. But his heart was full of peace. "Fiat voluntas tua in me Domine," he murmured, as he arose and went out to join his young friends.

Father Tim gazed after him wistfully. "May God bless you, image of my lost friend," he murmured. "My poor Hugh, your father and mother in heaven may well rejoice in the nobility of soul of their orphan boy."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### Lady Dunquin.

In the most fashionable quarter of the West End of London is Lord Dunquin's stately mansion. Outside, the building impresses one with the rank and wealth of its titled owner. Gorgeous carriages and stately equipages pause before its marble portico every hour of the day, for wealth and rank are always magnets that attract the fashion and the glitter of London society, and, besides, Lady Isabella Dunquin is a leader of the very elite of English aristocracy. The interior is in thorough accord with the external appearance. A wide hall, with multitudinous mirrors and spreading palms, marble statuary, priceless works of art, carved staircases and balustrades, and in the centre a marble fountain from which showers of snowy spray arise and fall in misty vapour into the wide basin, where bright goldfish sport and frolic, and round whose banks recline nymphs and mermaids in costly sculptures of purest Carrara. Magnificent suites of rooms open from this gorgeous hall. It is a palace fit for a king, and if wealth and elegance are all that suffice to make mortals happy, the aristocratic inmates of this palatial home ought to be supremely so.

But Lady Isabella Dunquin is certainly in no pleasant mood to-day. She paces restlessly her luxurious boudoir, and her handsome, haughty face, though handsome, indeed, is by no means prepossessing, because of the extreme pride that is stamped in every line and curve of her high-bred features.

"To think that it should come to this," she snaps, "Herbert engaged to a Catholic, and of all the women

in the world, to Evelyn D'Aubrey. It cannot, it must not be."

She presses an electric button near the door. A trim maid appears instantly, and begs to know my lady's pleasure.

"Go, Fulton, and tell my Lord I would speak with him, here, immediately," her ladyship imperiously commands.

While my Lord is coming, my readers may learn some of Lady Isabella's traits. Proud as Lucifer, she lives but to gratify her pride. Fashion and distinction are her idols. She has two great aversions; the one, Lady Edith D'Aubrey; the other, the Catholic religion. Edith De Vere, the daughter of a Catholic nobleman, had won the love of Lord D'Aubrey, the only man whom Isabella Mowbray, sole heiress to the millions of a fabulously wealthy speculator, had ever loved. She had tried hard to win his affections, but Gerald D'Aubrey had coldly repulsed her unwomanly advances and bestowed his heart and hand on Edith De Vere, the beautiful daughter of an Irish peer. Isabella Mowbray's disappointment was extreme. She afterwards married Lord Dunquin for his title, but she never loved him, and deep in her heart there was nurtured and fostered the most undying hatred for Lady D'Aubrey and the Church to which she belonged. And now we can conceive her rage when, on reading a letter from her only child, Herbert, she learns that he has been visiting Lorna Castle, the Irish residence of the D'Aubreys, and that he has solicited and received the love of Evelyn, their eldest daughter.

"Curse that woman," she hisses, as she tears the letter to atoms, "is she always to cross my path? But the marriage shall never be. I must prevent it at any cost. Edith De Vere, your Papist daughter shall

never be Lady Dunquin. If all fails, and this headstrong, obstinate boy marries her, I will kill her; yes, I will kill her," she gnashes in a very fury of impotent rage.

Lord Dunquin enters his lady's boudoir. He is a stout, portly man, of about sixty. He must have been handsome in his youth, but his face now bears evidence of years of dissipation, and his eyes are bleared and heavy. Another noble lord, surfeited with the over-indulgence and luxury bought by the sweat and labour of half-starved Irish peasants.

"Well, Isabella, what important matter must you consult me on now. Can't you arrange your own plans without consulting me? Here we are suffocated with the dust and heat of London, when everybody is away from the stifling town. I came here with you from Ireland because you would go yachting on the Mediterranean, and now you have changed your mind, and stay on here. To-morrow I'm off to some place where a man can live, and you may smother here if you like," he growled.

There is little love lost between this amiable couple. Before their guests, it is "Dear Lord Frederick," and "Isabella, my love," but in private it is cat and dog life with a vengeance. "My Lord, your amiability is, as usual, charming, she sneered, but I have a piece of news that may interest you. Our hopeful son, and your distinguished heir, has chosen the lady who will be the future Lady Dunquin. We are to be blessed in having for our daughter the superlatively virtuous, and divinely beautiful Evelyn D'Aubrey, who, besides her noble birth, has this also to recommend her to us, that she is a most devout Papist," she sneered.

"Well, what of that?" Dunquin growled. "If Herbert has won the love of D'Aubrey's daughter, is she not his equal in rank? What does it matter if she is



a Catholic? I was not aware that you were religious enough to be interested in or dislike any particular sect."

"Really, Lord Frederick, your estimate of me is exceedingly complimentary, as usual, but hear me, Lord Dunquin and I are not bandying words with you now. Let me tell you that I hate Lady D'Aubrey and her daughter. I hate the religion they profess, and if I can prevent it, never, while I live, shall Evelyn L'Aubrey be Herbert's wife. Your Irish rent will not be forthcoming for some months, I presume. As usual, it will be convenient for you to receive from me funds to indulge your racing and gambling propensities. Now, my Lord, mark my words, except you work with me in preventing this union, never again will you spend one shilling of my income."

"What a temper you fly into, Isabella, all for nothing. Well, my Lady, it would be very inconvenient if you ceased your generosity to me, so let me know how I can assist you to prevent this marriage, and let us have done with the business."

The Marquis of Lemington promised you, some time ago, an embassy to Russia for Herbert. Leamington is in town at present. Go to him and procure the appointment, and ask him to give your son immediate orders to set out for St. Petersburg. As the boy is so attached to you he will not refuse the appointment if you write and tell him you are anxious that he should accept it."

"Very well, Isabella, I will do what you require this day, and now this matter seen to, I leave London to-morrow. Islington and I, and a few others, will do a few weeks on the Mediterranean. You say you will not accompany us."

"No, Frederick; I will not go with you. Get Her-

bert away, and you may go where you choose, and with whom you will, as I am absolutely indifferent."

A few hours later Lord Dunquin informed his lady that the Marquis had issued orders to Herbert to proceed to Russia before the end of the week.

"So much secured," her ladyship muttered; "now I must play my cards. I must pretend delight at this proposed union, and with skill and cunning I shall work my ends. No; Edith Aubrey's daughter will never be Herbert's bride."

Lady Isabella again touched the bell, and Fulton having again attended, she ordered the carriage, commanding that it be ready in an hour. She sits down before a curiously carved escritoire of fabulous price, and writes three letters, one to Lord L'Aubrey, a rapturous expression in pen and ink, of her delight that his daughter and her son were to be united.

"How providential, Lord Gerald!" she wrote, "a fitting compensation for another union that might have been." She does not know Evelyn very well, she writes, but has heard her beauty and her goodness extolled to the stars. "How blessed I am," she writes, "I who have never had a daughter of my own, to be given your sweet child to be my dear daughter and Herbert's bride."

To Lady D'Aubrey, her letter was almost a reproduction of that to Lord Gerald. She mentioned Herbert's appointment to the Russian Embassy, lamenting that he must leave his young fiancée so soon. She urged Lady Edith to allow Evelyn spend some weeks with her at "Beaumont House," Lord Dunquin's Irish home.

Her letter to Evelyn was such a well feigned exuberance of motherly affection, that on perusing it a second time Lady Isabella smiled a sardonic smile of satisfaction. "This surely will make this virtuous

young Papist imagine me an angel," she laughed, "and fancy herself blessed in so affectionate a mother-in-law."

Having sealed and addressed her letters, she rang, and gave them to a maid to be posted. Then she retired to her dressing-room, where she attired herself in shining robes of flowing silk. She swept down the stairs and out the hall door, where an obsequious footman escorted her to a magnificent carriage, with prancing coal-black chargers, impatient to be off. "Lady Bentley," she orders; the solemn coachman loosens his reins on the spirited steeds, and Lady Isabella drives away. A smiling vision of proud beauty, such as many another proud London dame, fair and beautiful to the eye, in their silken robes and shining jewels, but with souls mean and sordid, and contemptible as any on God's wide earth.



## CHAPTER IX.

### Love's Paradise.

A lovely day in early August, and Killarney is indeed "heaven's reflex" on this bright day. A cloudless sky is mirrored in the calm surface of the lovely wide-spreading lakes. There is no cloud over Innisfallen and Torc and Mangerton, and the distant lofty Reeks rear their majestic heads with the full glory of the bright evening sunshine on them.

Two young people, a gentleman in yachting costume, and a fair young girl, are gliding over the gently rippling waters from the little dock on the Victoria Hotel grounds. The young man divested of his jacket, with his yachting hat pushed back from his forehead, and allowing sunny clustering curls to ripple over his fine brow, is a perfect type of manly beauty. His face is an attractive one, noble and frank, with candour and truth in the blue eyes and open brow, and strength of will in the splendid set of lips and chin. His bronzed face is so open that it would be boyish were it not for the fair moustache that graces the upper lip.

Yes; Herbert Beaumont, Lord Dunquin's heir, is a singularly handsome man, and, better still, his soul shines out through his blue eyes, and gives a glory that heightens the beauty of his features. His fair companion is Evelyn D'Aubrey. No need to describe her loveliness; her face is not only beautiful, it is angelic, and the wealth of auburn hair, coiled round her shapely head, when it catches the sun's light, is like a golden halo over the face of an angel. The brown eyes beam with the light of unsullied innocence and love.

This morning, at the Victoria Hotel, Evelyn and her parents received Lady Dunquin's letters, two days after they had been written, for Evelyn, her parents, and lover, have been revelling in the beauties of Killylarney for the last few days. The announcement of Herbert's appointment, and his orders to set out next week for Russia, arrived by the same mail, and now the lovers have come away out on the lake to have a few quiet hours all to themselves before Herbert's departure.

Herbert allows the boat to drift over the rippling waters, and taking the girl's hands in his, he says, "Evelyn, my love, do not be sad. After all I will be absent only a year at most. I would refuse the appointment, but my mother is anxious that I should accept these favours of state. She is very ambitious for me, but, darling, the months will speed quickly by, and I will be back to claim my lovely bride. Oh! my angel, how blessed I am in your love, and how I shall endeavour to be worthy of you."

"Herbert, I will not be sad. How can I be when I possess your love? Then your mother seems so glad that you have chosen me to be your bride. While you are away, I must endear myself to her and win her love."

"My darling, my mother is very proud and very cold; there has never been much in common between her and me, but I know she loves me fondly in her own way. She is marble, indeed, if her heart does not go out to you after you have lived with her even one day. You will go to her next week, Evelyn, and accept her invitation for my sake."

"Herbert, I would go to her for your sake, even if I knew she hated me. But, knowing she is glad to receive me as her daughter, my going will be a sweet pleasure."

"God bless you, my beloved, and, Evelyn, I will study the faith you profess. Father Manning has already convinced me it is the true faith. I was a Catholic at heart even before I met you, Evelyn. I could find nothing but contradictions and emptiness in any form of Protestantism. The poetic side of your holy faith first appealed to me, then I lived among my father's tenants, and saw my ideals realised in their simple lives. And now, my darling, having talked and discussed the matter with Father Manning, your chaplain, I see it all. The grand authority living in St. Peter's Successor, our present Pontiff, the divine origin of all your holy sacraments, and the meetness of the honour you give Mary, God's Immaculate Mother. All the holy truths of the Catholic faith I believe in, and now, my love, I am about to impart to you a glad surprise; I am to be received into your Church before I go away. I have wired to your director to come this evening. Here is his answer." He handed Evelyn a telegram form, on which was scrawled the words, "Coming this evening—Manning." "I know he will receive me this evening. I will not impart the news of my conversion to my parents just yet, as I think it would come as a shock on them. But when they have learnt to love you and your faith, through you, then, my darling, I will tell them."

"Oh, Herbert. God be praised," the girl utters, as the tears of joy glisten in her eyes, "this is too much happiness. This is the boon I have hoped and prayed for."

Herbert leant forward and kissed the fair girl tenderly on lip and brow. Then he took up the oars and urged the little boat away beyond the Holy Island, past Innisfallen, ruined Ross, and the Herberts' grand old woods, away by Torc, to fairy Dinis.



They had a thousand plans to discuss, a thousand projects to form for the glad future.

Herbert told her how he would sell his estate to the tenantry when the broad acres of the Dunquin property would be his. How he would keep the old home, and a few thousand acres round it. Here they would work together to uplift their poor tenants, she to be the angel of their homes, and he their champion in the British Parliament.

The evening waned, the stars peeped out one by one in the soft gloaming, and the fair full moon turned the waters to silver, and the islands to fairy homes, when the lovers landed again at the little pier before the grand illuminated front of the Hotel Victoria.

Ah, happy lovers, and happy dreams of love. Earth would be paradise indeed, could such pure love predominate, and such dreams be all realised, but the serpent still creeps about and enters the realms of love. He has his agents, who bring gloom and sorrow to pure young hearts.

## CHAPTER X.

### Rosaleen.

The three weeks that intervened between that eventful Saturday when Martin Desmond staked his last chance with Corrigan, and the 18th of August, the date of the Dingle Cup, seemed an age to Mr. Desmond and his son, Maurice. Too well they realised the consequences should Rosaleen fail to come up to their expectations.

Mr. Desmond is very brave in his efforts to appear bright and cheery, but his gentle wife notices his pre-occupied look when he thinks she is not observing. Then, at night, he would start in his sleep, and utter threats and imprecations on somebody unknown to her.

Maurice's face, too, is more grave than usual, and seems sadly care-worn to his watchful mother. She asks no questions, but she guesses with the intuition of a loving woman that matters of no ordinary moment depend on the coming race, and her prayers are more fervent than ever.

The brothers had many an anxious conversation during these days of suspense as to Rosaleen's chances.

Dermot alone was hopeful, aye, and confident, of success. The others, realising more keenly, as they did, the terrible consequences to them all should the horse not win, could not succeed in being so confident. They both ban the subject when even by chance a passing reference is made by Dermot to "that scoundrel Corrigan."

"I tell you, Maurice, Jack advises a week before the eventful day, we ought to keep careful guard over Rosaleen's box until the Cup is over. I do not like to be suspicious, but I have often thought it strange how none of our horses have ever met with foul play until father began his dealings with Corrigan. I have a strong suspicion that he knows who poisoned Sarsfield, and can tell, too, how the mishaps to the other horses came about. Of course, these are only suspicions, but we cannot be too careful. I suggest that you and Hugh and Frank and I take night about until Tuesday next, and keep an eye on the stables."

"Jack, suspicions such as yours have been troubling me, too, lately. I thoroughly agree with you that it's better to keep guard. It will only be a matter of a few nights. I and Hugh will begin to-night."

A few days after Rosaleen had been entered for the Dingle Cup, a farm hand named Bill Daly, who had been dismissed by Maurice for little thefts and other misdemeanours, applied to him to be taken back again. The fellow asserted that he could find no employment, and that his wife and little ones were starving. Maurice, who had a decided dislike to the big, uncouth, red-haired fellow, because of his small ferret eyes and hang-dog appearance, and who knew only too well that he was a worthless, lazy fellow, had resolved to have nothing more to do with him, but unable to resist the appeal for the starving wife and children, took him back again with a caution that this would be his very last chance. Could he only have heard the conversation between Daly and Corrigan the previous night, he would as soon think of engaging the devil himself.

Like attracts like, and Corrigan, eager to procure some one who would execute his criminal designs on Rosaleen, soon found out Daly. With the promise of



a liberal reward, he persuaded the wretch to seek re-employment at Carrigmore, and instructed him to drive a poisoned needle into the horse's hoof.

"Rosaleen is certainly in splendid condition, Mary," Alice admiringly exclaims, as Dermot canters the magnificent creature up the park to the hall door. He dismounts to exhibit his pet to the girls. "See her, girls," he exclaims, "is she not splendid? We've been working hard, you and I, old girl, these past three weeks," he says, as he pats the horse's noble head. Rosaleen seems to understand; she rubs her face against Dermot's, and then licks Mary's hand as she caresses the noble horse and pats it on the sleek, glossy neck. A splendid animal she truly is. Coal black, without a single white speck on her glossy coat. Every limb is perfect, and one can hardly blame Dermot for his great confidence in her, for it will be hard to beat the gallant mare.

Maurice, Hugh, Jack and O'Riordan had turn about keeping watch in twos during the week. Myles Byrne, the trainer, remained in the vicinity of the stables until ten each night, and then two of the young men relieved him.

The loose box in which Rosaleen was kept was some fifty yards distant from the main stables, at the other end of the yard. This yard was enclosed on all sides; on one side by the stables, on the other three by a high stone wall, with a large double gate and wicket in the centre of the wall opposite the stables. Attached to Rosaleen's box was a weather-board room, which Maurice had furnished with a bed and some chairs. Nobody could have access to the loose box without attracting the attention of the watchers. The fact that guard was kept during the night was known only to Byrne and the family, so any person prowling

about the stables with evil intent would not be suspicious in regard to the old disused room.

On the night before the Cup, Maurice and Hugh kept guard in the wooden room. To Hugh, Maurice had confided Corrigan's claim on the property, and the serious issues at stake on the morrow.

They had extinguished the lamp, and knowing there was no chance of sleep stealing on them with the excitement of the coming event firing their brains, had divested themselves of jacket and vest, and reclined on the bed. They had been so earnestly conversing on many matters, and discussing their plans for the future, that the hours wore on unnoticed, until it was well past midnight.

"I think, Hugh, we had better undress and turn in for a few hours, Maurice suggested. Myles Byrne told me he would be here after twelve. He is determined nothing will happen Rosaleen before the Cup, and as he knows to-morrow will be an anxious day for us, he wishes to let us have a few hours' rest."

"Right you are, Maurice," Hugh responded, "I do not think I will sleep much; at all events, we can keep awake until Byrne comes along.

They had just got into bed, when, in the stillness of the night, Hugh heard the wicket open slowly. He drew Maurice's attention to it, saying that as Byrne slept in the apartments over the stables, he would not be likely to come in by the wicket.

They dressed hastily in shirt and pants, and peeping through the window noticed somebody steal round by the side wall towards the box.

"By heavens! that fellow is up to mischief, Hugh," Maurice mutters. "We will wait until he comes near the box, and the moment he tries to open the door we will both rush him."

The prowler was coming nearer. He soon was at the door of Rosaleen's box, and was just in the act of forcing the padlock, when Maurice felled him to the earth with a blow of his clenched fist. The ruffian jumped to his feet and made towards the gate, but Hugh tripped him up, and on dragging him to the room struck a light, and there, to Maurice's consternation and disgust they recognised the scoundrel Daly. Maurice throttled him until he gasped for mercy.

On being questioned as to what his motives were in forcing an entrance into Rosaleen's box, he confessed that he meant to cripple it out of revenge for his dismissal from Carrigmore.

"Now, you villain," Maurice threatened, "clear out of here as quickly as ever you can. In mercy to your sick wife and little ones I will not hand you over to the police this time, but I promise you, you ungrateful cur, if you are within twenty miles of Carrigmore to-morrow I will have you transported for life."

The wretch skulked off, and when he had gone some distance from the place he shook his fist towards Carrigmore, uttered the most awful imprecations on its inmates, and vowed that he was not done with them yet.

He had only just disappeared through the gate when Myles Byrne arrived and relieved their watch. They decided that they would not divulge the adventure to anybody, in order to give the wretch a chance to quit the country.

"By jove! Maurice, that was a narrow shave. It was a wise idea to keep watch as we did. And now that Byrne is here, I think we may turn it. You will need a strong nerve in case things turn out badly to-morrow."

"I think you are right, Hugh," Maurice answered." They were soon in bed again, and, despite their adventure, were soon sound asleep.

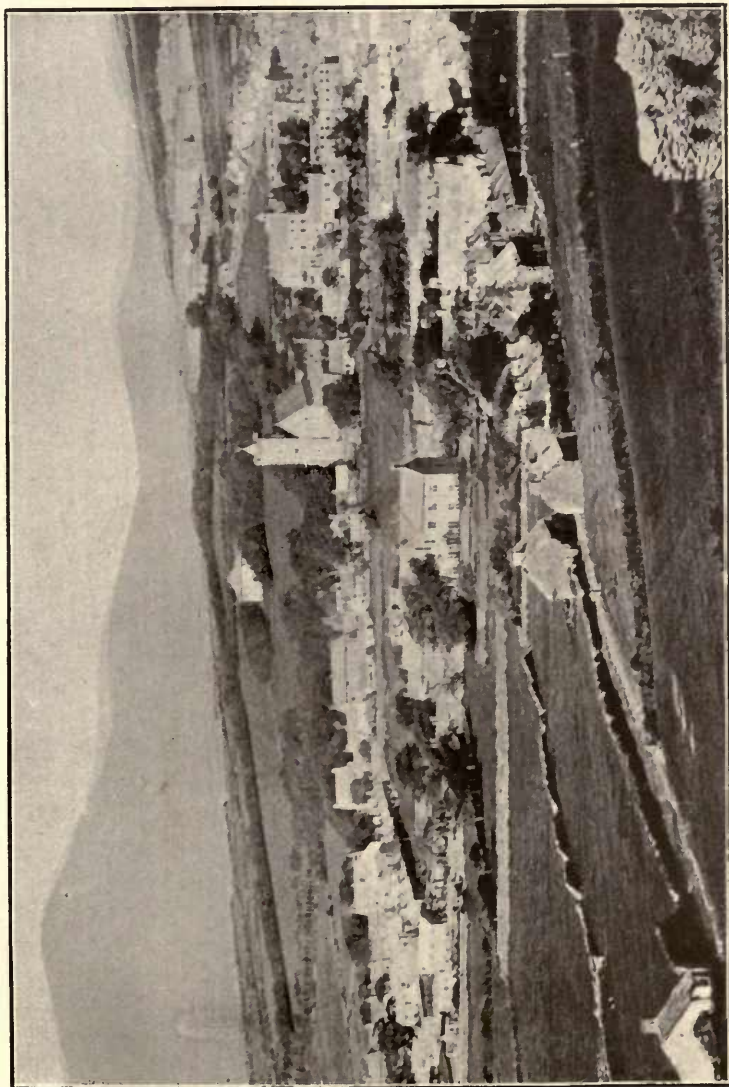


## CHAPTER XI.

### The Race.

Race day at last. Dingle is en fete, thousands of vehicles, from the donkey tandem and the Scotch cart, with their fragrant upholsterings of new-mown hay, to the genteel jaunting car and stylish carriage, are rolling in along every approach to old Daingean Ui Coosh. From Ballyferriter and the west they swarm the Quay Road. From the Highlands they come in hundreds in the Spa Road. Down old John Street contingents arrive from Lispole and Cunard and Tubber; and when the excursion trains arrive there is an animated kaleidoscopic line of colour down the Station Road and along the Mall, as the fashionable excursionists from Tralee invade the old town.

It is a glorious day, and the weather at all events favours this long-looked-for meeting. At eleven o'clock the business places are closed, and the bustle is tremendous. Jarveys sing out from jaunting-cars innumerable, "Car here, sir; car here, sir." Raucous urchins utter the cry, "Card o' races, racing card." Race horses, in gay-coloured rugs, as they curvet and prance, are the objects of open-mouthed admiration to the rustics from Coumeenol and Ventry. The road to the racecourse, out in Ballintaggart, is thronged with pedestrians, who scamper to each side when jaunting cars with ladies fair, and gay young sparks, dash by, the jarveys constantly shouting, "Clear the road; look out, there." Gentry, comfortable towns-people, farmers, sailors, bookies, itinerant musicians, Punch and



VIEW OF DINGLE.





Judy people, tinkers, blind beggars, many blind for the occasion, a very medley of people of all ranks and classes, throng the Mall and the racecourse road, all off to the races.

The racecourse is a brilliant mass of colour. The Dingle ladies have exquisite taste in dress, and the style and elegance exhibited each year on this, their principal show day, would do credit to Grafton Street. The bright red and blue and green and purple cashmere dresses, and gay shawls of the peasantry, form a good setting, and a pleasing contrast to the elegant costumes of less pronounced colours, and the plumed hats of the gentry and townspeople.

Oh, those grand old Kerry race meetings. How much genuine fun and mirth and laughter their memory recalls. The writer sees them vividly before him now as he pens this chapter. The publicans' booths, where, even if too much whiskey and frothy stout were consumed by some, still there were never worse effects than a slight shindy, or a sick head next morning. The pie vendors' tents, with their turf fires burning in holes near the sides, where steaming pots exhaled a savoury odour as the mutton and pork pies bobbed gaily on the surface. Who ever grumbled if there was a predominance of dough, and a decided absence of mutton or pork? There was too much fun in the eating of them for anybody to suffer from indigestion afterwards. The Aunt Sally shows, with the lovely Sally and her satellites, with clay pipes in their grinning orifices, awaiting with the most imperturbable good humour the clubs hurled at them by the muscular fishermen from the West. The mountebanks and tinkers, with all their marvellous tricks and juggleries.

And then the rush for fences and carts, when the bell rang, and the first race started:—

"Oh, to think of it; Oh, to dream of it,

Fills my heart with pain;

Oh, the days of the Dingle races oh, the hum of the piper's tune.

Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,

Gone, alas, with our youth, too soon."

There is more than usual interest taken in this day's Cup. Somehow an inkling of some serious issue at stake for the Desmonds has been rumoured about, and the people are wild with anxiety for Rosaleen to win. On the grand stand are all the elite of the town and district. Lady Isabella Dunquin has condescended to grace the field with her presence; with her is Evelyn D'Aubrey. They are closely attended by Mr. Corrigan, who is beaming in fat smiles. He does not yet know that Daly's attempt to cripple Rosaleen had not been successful, so, confident of the issue, he triumphs as the Evil One at the destruction of a soul.

It is strange how Corrigan is shunned and avoided by the leading Protestants of the district, who greet Martin Desmond with the heartiest of best wishes. There is no bigotry in Dingle, the Protestants are few and far between, and they are, with scarce an exception; broad-minded and honourable, and beloved by their Catholic neighbours, rich and poor.

In the centre of the stand our Carrigmore friends are gathered together; Martin Desmond and his wife, Maurice, Jack, Mary, Alice, Hugh O'Sullivan, Frank O'Riordan, Stephen Barret, and Eileen, Arthur and Henry O'Leary, with their mother and sisters. Stephen Barrett and Maurice are in close conversation. Frank and Eileen seem as if they had known one another a lifetime; Mrs. O'Leary and Mrs. Desmond

are absorbed in a tete-a-tete, and the other young people are poring over their racing cards and discussing the merits of the competing horses.

Martin Desmond and Doctor George Mason are comparing notes on Reveller, the most formidable bit of horseflesh Rosaleen must compete with to-day.

"Keep up your heart," Mason says. "It's a fact that Reveller won at Tralee and Limerick, but, Martin, if I am any judge, your mare is far and away ahead of him. By the way, Corrigan seems greatly interested in Reveller. I have never known the fellow to put a shilling on a horse before, but he is giving ten to one on Reveller to-day. I and some more of the boys have taken him up for big amounts. By George, if the black mare wins to-day the miser will lose some of his hoard. And she will win, Desmond. Your boy, Dermot, is plucky enough to do anything. He is a gallant rider, and he knows the horse's every nerve. That, to my mind, is half the battle."

"God bless the lad! He is all you say, Mason, and, yes, I feel confident Rosaleen will sweep the Cup," Desmond adds heartily.

The first three races were good, and at another time would have called forth enthusiasm from the spectators, but everybody's interest is in the Cup to-day. So when the horses line up at the starting point, every heart is beating wildly, and the cheering is deafening when Dermot, in green and gold, canters out from the weighing-yard on Rosaleen. The lad feels confident of success. He lifts his cap to the cheering crowds, and raises his eyes to the stand in eager search for his loved ones. He sees them, and a bright smile beams from his eyes as he kisses his fingers to his mother, Mary and Alice. One look he gives his father, their eyes meet, and Martin understands. The boy's last look is for Maurice, and overcoming his modesty, he



calls out, "Maurice, Rosaleen understands." Then he points to the word Carrigmore, embroidered in gold letters on his cap, and Maurice bows his head in token that he, too, understands.

The shot is fired, off they go. For the first half-round Rosaleen brings up the rear. The second round finds her and Reveller and Satellite running neck-to-neck almost. At the big hurdle a sudden blindness comes on Dermot; he has had no sleep for nights; he grows dizzy and faint, and falls heavily to the ground.

"Oh, my boy; my Dermot; he is killed, killed," Mrs. Desmond screams, and faints away. Evelyn D'Aubrey hastens to Mary's side and offers her assistance. The excitement is now intense, but wonder of wonders, Rosaleen has pulled up; she looks down on the prostrate boy and whinnies plaintively. Ere the four horses far behind in the rear have cleared the hurdle, Dermot vaults on to the saddle again. He uses no whip or spur, but leans out and whispers in the horse's ear, "Rosaleen for old Carrigmore," and the black mare is off like a whirlwind. The cheering is now deafening. At the end of the third round she is level with Reveller again. The rider of the big bay who had foolishly eased off now uses his whip incessantly, and Reveller gains on the black mare. As they pass the stand Maurice sings out loud and clear: "Now Dermot, for the love of God." Mrs. Desmond has recovered, and supported by Evelyn, D'Aubrey and Mary, is once again eagerly watching the race. Reveller leads until half the fourth and last round has been raced, when Dermot once again leans forward and whispers into Rosaleen's ear. Then the horse puts all her powers to the test; she sweeps past the big yellow steed, and leads by two yards when the post is past.

Never was such excitement witnessed, never such enthusiasm experienced. Hats were tossed high in the air. Martin Desmond trembled with excess of joy. Crowds rushed the black mare and the gallant boy. Dermot, white and faint, but smiling still was borne high on the shoulders of the strong young farmers from faithful Parish-A-Moore.

Maurice delivered him from his demonstrative admirers, and brought him to a little room near the stand. "God bless you, Dermot," he utters in low, earnest tones. "You have kept your word. You and Rosaleen have saved us all from Corrigan's hatred. Now, my boy, drink this before you say anything." He insisted on Dermot taking a measure of brandy; the spirits soon worked the desired effect, and the lad was himself again.

Frank O'Riordan, who had accompanied Maurice, said nothing, but shook his young cousin's hand in a warm grasp; his eyes told how glad he was, and how proud of the brave boy.

"How glad I am, Maurice, old man, that I beat that yellow brute. But Heavens, I nearly lost everything by that fall. I have not slept for weeks, for, unknown to you all, I worried my heart out lest Rosaleen should not win. Just before I fell, I felt a sudden spasm here." The lad pointed to his heart. "My head grew dizzy and everything was dark, and then I fell. Thank God I was not injured. And, Maurice, did anyone ever know such loving instinct as Rosaleen showed, when she waited for me to mount once more."

"Dermot, it seemed miraculous. Now, lad, before you go out change these things. I want Frank to examine you because, after all, you may be injured."

"Oh, but Maurice, Mother and the girls will be uneasy. I must go to them. I am all right."

"Now, Dermot, my lad, have no fears about them," Frank urged. Aunt Kathleen charged us on no ac-

count to allow you go out among the people until we should have made certain that you have received no hurt. Now, lad, lie back on that rug. You are too excited to feel pain just now, but you may have received some injuries at that fall."

The young doctor examined his cousin, and to his own intense satisfaction and Maurice's delight, he found that the boy had escaped even the slightest bruise. The ground near the jump where he had fallen was soft, and so he had received no injury.

Dermot dressed quickly, and he, Maurice and Frank made their way through cheering crowds to the family waggonette, where the family and friends awaited their arrival before they should do justice to the good things they had brought with them that morning from "Carrigmore."

Poor Dermot underwent a regular hugging. His father shook his hands again and again, and called him his own brave hero. Mrs. Desmond drew him to her, and kissed his boyish face. Mary was no less demonstrative.

"Why, dad!" he exclaimed, "this is more trying than the race. Come, Alice, you, too, must kiss me in honour of the win"—he laughed merrily, and Alice, who looked on him as almost her brother, laughingly imparted the desired salute.

Mr. Barrett, Eileen, Jack and Hugh, and all the other friends, lionized him so much that he begged his mother, for goodness sake to give them something to eat, else they will devour him.

"Is he not a noble boy? Miss Desmond," Evelyn D'Aubrey says to Mary. "How proud you must be of your young brother."

"Yes, Miss D'Aubrey," Mary answers; "he is a brave boy, and if ever a girl was blessed in her brothers, I am in mine. God be thanked."



Evelyn had been introduced to Mary at the Convent a few days before the race. Both girls had formed a strong liking for one another during the hour they spent together on that occasion, and to-day Evelyn, in all the sympathy of her tender heart, had come to Mary's assistance when her Mother had fainted on the grand-stand. Mary had met Lady Isabella a few times previously, so they were acquainted. When the race was over, she and her Mother invited Lady Dunquin and Evelyn to have a little cold lunch with them. Lady Isabella declined the invitation, but graciously urged Evelyn to go with Miss Desmond.

"You will pardon me, Mrs. Desmond," she added, "but Lady Chute and I will lunch together in my carriage. We have not met for a long time and have a thousand things to say to one another."

The fact was that her ladyship was pleased to get the young girl away for an hour or two. Lady Chute and she were kindred spirits, and there were society scandals to be gloated over, topics which could not well be discussed in Evelyn's presence.

We have lost sight altogether of Corrigan since the race was won by Rosaleen. The fiendish joy of the scoundrel was so great when Dermot fell that he cheered again and again, to the disgust of those next him on the stand. Then when the boy had mounted again, he lost no confidence in the bay horse. He had no doubts of Daly, and thought the supposed injury to Rosaleen would tell on her now.

We can therefore picture first his amazement, then his mad rage, when the black mare dashed out past Reveller a yard or two from the post and won easily at the finish. He rushed from the stand, hailed a jaunty car, and, 'mid jeers and hootings, drove off from the field. Not only was he powerless for the present to injure Desmond, but he has lost heavily on the race.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Partings.

The night of the 18th August was a joyous and yet a sad one at Carrigmore. All were elated at Rosaleen's success. Martin Desmond and his sons, as well as O'Riordan and Hugh, to whom the secret had been imparted, knowing as they did what fearful issues had depended on the race, felt a sense of unutterable relief. That evening Martin had a private interview with Maurice and Dermot, and he vowed that never while he lived would he again speculate on the turf.

"Rosaleen is yours, my lad," he said to Dermot. "Do what you please with her. I will be sorry if you sell her, but never will I put another shilling on a racing event or enter another horse for a race. I have learnt my lesson. I brought you all to the verge of ruin, and while I thank God for His mercy, I promise you, my lads, that there's to be no more racing for me."

"Father, if the worst had happened, we would never have blamed you," Maurice answered. "You have been too kind and good to us. Thank God Corrigan cannot touch us now, and I can leave for Australia with a light heart. With God's help, I will in a few years have earned sufficient to free the old place from Corrigan's clutches. Dermot understands the working of the farm now as well as I do. I can leave things in his hands."

"Oh, Maurice, my boy, must you go?" The old man breaks down, the reaction of this day after the miserable month of doubt and suspense tells on him now. He breaks into a passionate outburst of weeping when

he realises that this brave, strong son of his must go away. Maurice has, ever since he left Clongowes, a boy of seventeen summers, been his father's right hand. Under his management, the farm was a gold mine. The men respected and loved him, and now when his father knows that whereas they might have become wealthy and independent, that this best loved son, his guide and prop, must leave his home to repair their shattered fortunes by years of toil in a foreign land, the thought overwhelms him, and well nigh breaks poor Desmond's heart.

"Father, for God's sake, do not take it so. After all, it will not be a long parting. Be brave, and comfort mother. Dermot will be as faithful a helper to you as I have been."

"Yes, father, I will do my very best to fill Maurice's place," the lad eagerly adds.

"May God reward you both, my boys," the old man says. "Yes, Maurice, I will cheer up. These weeks of trial have been too much for me, but now the weakness over, I feel relieved, and am myself again."

They are all grouped round the fire in the dining-room, for this autumn evening is cold. Alice bewails her departure, which must be on the morrow. Her father wrote saying that much to his regret he was unable to come for her, as he would have enjoyed a holiday in the South, but it was a busy time for him, as influenza was working its havoc in the city. Mrs. Mason, he wrote, would be coming to Dublin on Thursday, so he asked Alice to travel with her.

Hugh, too, is going home on the morrow to his uncle's at Killarney. Hugh's father was a clever young doctor, who died suddenly from an attack of pneumonia, when his boy was but twelve months old. His wife never recovered the shock, and three



months after her husband's death, they laid her to rest at his side in the family vault at Aghadoc. The child was adopted by his father's brother, Ernest, a wealthy barrister, who had a big and lucrative practice in Killarney. He and his wife have been all that parents could be to the orphan boy. They had no children of their own, and so they lavished on Hugh all their love. Hugh had written to his uncle a few weeks previous to this evening, and informed him of his decision not to return to All Hallows. He received a reply the very next day saying that his uncle and aunt heartily approved of his decision, while they sympathised with him in his disappointment. Mr. O'Sullivan advised him to study for the law, and, as this profession was the one most suitable to Hugh's tastes, he has decided to set to work immediately. He tells his friends this evening that he will spend a few days at home and then will proceed to Dublin to begin his new studies.

Jack is going back to All Hallows this coming week. In order to spare his parents, Mary and Dermot the pain of a double parting, Maurice will leave home with his brother and sail for Australia as soon as he can find a berth on an Orient ship.

Frank O'Riordan has purchased Dr. Mason's practice in Dingle, so he will be able to spend many evenings at Carrigmore.

"Well, Uncle Martin, Aunt Kathleen, and cousins," he says, "I have some news to tell you about myself that will surprise you, I suppose. I asked Eileen Barrett this evening to be my wife, and the dear girl consented. It was a case of love at first sight with both of us. The lads said I met my fate that day five weeks ago at Sugarloaf. Well, they were right, whether they meant it or not."

The news surprised none of the listeners, for Frank had been almost a daily visitor at "Grove House" ever since the shooting expedition. They all rejoiced. Frank's bright, happy nature endeared him to them all, and they could wish for no more suitable partner in life for him than Eileen Barrett.

"Shake hands on it, Frank, my boy. I could wish you no better wife than Stephen Barrett's daughter will make you. May you both be happy, my boy."

"But, Frank, you have not told us when the important event is to come off," Mary questioned, smiling. "Alice and I must discuss what we are going to wear at the wedding."

"I was just about to tell you that Mr. Barrett wants us to be married immediately after Christmas. He says he does not feel well latterly, and will not be at ease until Eileen has found a protector, in the event of his being taken away from her."

"God forbid that we should lose Stephen Barrett for many a year, Frank," Mrs. Desmond hastens to say. "We can ill afford to lose so true a patriot as he is."

"I say Amen to that with all my heart, auntie," Frank answers, "but Mary, I must not forget Eileen's message. She says she wishes that you and Alice be her bridesmaids."

"We shall be delighted, Frank," both girls exclaimed, "for Eileen's sake, as well as for your own."

"There is one regret I have in my great happiness, Maurice," Frank earnestly says, "and that is that you will be so far away. I only wish that you could be my best man, and Jack the celebrant."

"Never mind, Frank, old man," Maurice answers. "Then, as if to stifle the sorrow of parting, he adds, brightly, "We will make amends when Jack pro-

nounces the nuptial blessing over me and some fair Australian, and you and Hugh will be my satellites, for I must divide the honours."

Maurice expects to hear Alice's merry laugh ring out at his jest, but what is the matter? She has turned deathly pale, and her head falls back as if some sudden spasm had seized her. Maurice leaps to his feet and cries, "Mary, for God's sake, what is the matter with Alice?" The girl has swooned away; she does not recover for some time. Frank says she had better be taken to her room, but then her eyes open. Seeing Maurice's face anxiously bent over her, she blushes scarlet, and assures them that there is nothing wrong. "I just felt a sudden weakness, but I will be all right again in a moment. Mrs. Desmond, I will just step out on the lawn for a few moments. I feel as if I were stifling."

"Alice, darling, I hope you are not going to be ill," Mrs. Desmond whispers tenderly. "Keep this wrap on your shoulders," she says; "perhaps the air will revive you. Mary, get a shawl, and take Alice down the garden for a stroll."

Maurice opens the door for the girls, and, begging to be excused, he goes out to the moonlit lawn. "My God, can it be possible? May I hope that she cares for me?" he murmurs. His white face tells how intense his feelings are. "Oh, how it would brighten my weary exile if I could only think my love were not hopeless, and that my darling would wait my return."

He sees the girls come down the steps on to the lawn, Mary with her arm around Alice's waist as they stroll along. "I am quite recovered now, Mary, darling," Alice is saying; "I have grown too fond of you all, and when I thought of all the partings on the morrow this faintness overcame me."



Mary guesses how it is with her young friend, but she will not force her confidence. "You are too tender-hearted, my darling friend," she says; "but never mind, you will be back soon again, and what a merry time we will have at Frank's wedding."

Maurice comes across the lawn to the walk where the girls are strolling. "Mary," he says, "I wish to speak with Alice for a few moments. You join Dermot. He is over there near the garden with Myles Byrne. We will join you presently."

When Mary had gone, Maurice took Alice's hand, and looking into her eyes, asked: "Alice, did my careless words a moment ago mean anything to you? Oh, Alice, I am mad; but now I must tell you before I go away that I love you with the strongest, purest love my heart can give. I know my love is hopeless, and I am paining you; but, Alice, I must tell you that my love for you will last till death, and no other woman will ever be my wife."

"Oh, Maurice, now I can bear the parting. Maurice, your love is returned with all my heart. I never presumed you could care for me more than in a friendly way, but now my happiness is complete. Maurice," she says, as she looks up into his glowing dark eyes, "I am yours, yours forever."

"My darling, how can I realise it? Mavoureen," he says, as he folds her in his big arms, and showers passionate kisses on her lips. "Now I can go to the ends of the earth and work with a light heart. I will come back after a few years and you, Asthore, you will wait for me?"

"Maurice, if I have to wait a lifetime, when you return you will find me waiting for you, my hero, my king."

'Mid the fragrance of the autumn roses they plighted their troth. They decide to tell Mary and

the other members of the family of their happiness, and Maurice will himself, on his way to Australia, see Dr. O'Moore and tell him that he has wooed and won his idolised daughter.

Sweet was the joy of Kathleen Desmond and her daughter when in Mary's room Alice, with the light of love on her lovely face, tells of her great happiness.

"My sweet friend, you are dearer still now to me," Mary murmurs. "Alice, how gladly I call you sister."

"My darling," Mrs. Desmond says, 'mid tears of joy. "Maurice has won the love of the one girl I would choose for his bride. Oh, how can I thank you for the joy you give his lonely heart on the eve of his exile?"

A few days later Carrigmore was lonely indeed. We will not dwell on the parting between Maurice and his loved ones. Such partings are only too familiar to my Irish readers. However, the glad news of his and Alice's betrothal lightened the sorrow of parting for his friends. Unselfish in their grief, they thought only of him they know now that his heart is filled with the joy of a love returned. Maurice spent a night with Hugh in Killarney. These two had become bosom friends, and Hugh confided his love for Mary to his friend.

When the mail boat to Holyhead was steaming out from the North Wall, a little group remained long after all others had gone, and kept looking out until the lights of the vessel had disappeared.

Alice's face is white. Now that her lover has gone away, she realises how long the parting may be, and her heart is tortured, but still she has his manly love and with that she can be brave and endure the pain.

Her father's arm is linked in hers. He has known Maurice Desmond since his childhood, for the famous Dublin surgeon is a Dingle man, and has often been an honoured guest at Carrigmore. Not only did he give his consent to Desmond's betrothal with his daughter, but he told him there was no man in the world to whom he would give her more willingly. He had pressed Maurice to remain at home, and begged of him to accept the money due to Corrigan. "You know, Maurice," he said, "all I have will be my child's, and yours." Maurice yielded only so far as to allow Doctor O'Moore to pay to Corrigan what was due to him, but he was determined on going away, and doing his endeavours to pay off the sum so generously lent.

The doctor understood his feelings, and loved and honoured him for them all the more.

"Come, my darling," he says, when the lights have faded away in the distance. "Let us go home. Come along, my lads," to Jack Desmond and Hugh O'Sullivan. "You will spend the evening with me at Tara."

Jack excuses himself, saying he must return to the college immediately, and Hugh has made an appointment. They take their leave of O'Moore and his daughter, and Alice, tender-hearted woman that she is, thinks then of the boys' sorrow and comforts them. "Cheer up, Jack," she says; "cheer up, Hugh, we will all have bright days together again in dear old Carrigmore."



## CHAPTER XIII.

### Daly Turns Up Once More.

Three days after Maurice Desmond had sailed from Dublin for London on his way to Australia. Mrs. Desmond and Mary were seated in the little parlour upstairs, adjoining Mary's bedroom. Mrs. Desmond is mending some cambric shirts, and Mary is engaged at some fine Limerick lace. The house is quiet. Dermot is away superintending some work at the hill-farm, and Martin Desmond drove into town after luncheon to meet Dr. O'Moore, who wired to say he was coming to Dingle by that evening's train.

Mary sighs frequently, as she gazes out the open window, out on the lawn where the trees are already clad in rich, ruddy and golden autumnal tints.

Ah, me, she thinks how changed the old place is. Maurice speeding daily farther and farther away. Alice, Jack and Hugh all gone. Jack wrote to say that Hugh is delighted with his new studies. She did not have time to read the full contents of Jack's letter this morning, as she was busy helping Norry and Julia to prepare Dr. O'Moore's room, and then had to visit one of the farm-hand's wives, who was seriously ill. She lays down her lace frame now, and goes to her room for the letter to read it more fully.

Jack's letter has a long post-script. "By the way, Mary. Hugh has imparted to me a secret, which I have long since known from observation. This secret concerns you very much. I am certain you know to what I allude. I am not at liberty to divulge any

more, but I have persuaded Hugh to impart it to you when he visits Carrigmore next Xmas."

The girl trembles with joy. Her heart tells her what the secret is. "He loves me, he loves me," she murmured; "and at Xmas I will hear of his love from himself. How blessed I am in having won the love of his noble heart."

"Mary," Mrs. Desmond calls, "put by your work and let us speak. I feel so nervous all this day. I have a presentiment that something terrible is going to happen, just the same feeling that I had that terrible day long ago, when my poor father and sister were killed."

We referred early in these chapters to the shadow of a past sorrow on Kathleen Desmond's sweet face. The daughter of a gentleman farmer named Edward Curtin, she and her sister Mabel had lived a life free from care at their father's home, near Currans.

Kathleen Curtin in those days was just such a healthy, hearty girl, as Eileen Barrett is now. A splendid horsewoman and a lover of vigorous outdoor exercise. Their mother was dead, but the father and sisters were all in all to one another.

In the early seventies Castleisland was notorious for the crimes committed by a secret society called the Moonlighters. Originally this society had a laudable purpose enough—namely, the castigation of land-grabbers, bailiffs and rack-renting land agents. There is no doubt that the organisation exercised a salutary influence, for so secret were their methods of punishment and so sure were they to wreck vengeance on land-grabbers in the vicinity, that only very hazardous scoundrels could be found to occupy evicted farms, and these rash wretches were invariably persecuted and forced to abandon the grabbed

property. But gradually roughs and blackguards got into the society, or committed atrocities in the guise of Moonlighters. Murders were frequent. Agents were shot dead, and respectable farmer's homes invaded and their fire-arms seized.

Mr. Curtin was an ardent Nationalist, and certainly by no means a Shoneen or Landlord's man—yet this did not save him from these midnight ruffians.

One night after the household had retired, the family and servants were aroused by a loud knocking at the hall door. Mr. Curtin dressed hastily, and was followed by his daughters downstairs to know what the noise meant.

On looking out the dining-room windows, they beheld some thirty masked men, who clamoured, in most insulting language, for an immediate surrender of whatever guns were in the house.

They seemed mad with drink, for one or two smashed open the dining-room windows and entered the room. One scoundrel kissed Mabel on the face, and so enraged was the father that he pointed the pistol at the wretch and shot him dead.

Immediately there was a volley of shots from outside, and when the din had subsided, Kathleen Curtin found her father and sister and one of the maid servants lying in a pool of blood on the floor, shot dead.

The murderers, satisfied with their bloody work, had fled. Two were afterwards brought to justice and executed in Tralee. The others escaped detection.

Kathleen for long weeks raved and tossed in the delirium of brain-fever. She recovered—and a year afterwards her young lover, Martin Desmond, brought her to Carrigmore as its mistress.



The once merry girl became a quiet, sad woman, and even after her marriage, though she was serenely happy in her husband's love and in her children, the shadow of that dreadful night of sorrow never left her face, the memory of that awful night when her father and sister were murdered.

And now she tells Mary that she has a creepy presentiment, just as she had long ago, that something awful, some dreadful calamity is about to take place.

"Oh, Mother, these fears of yours are groundless. You are still depressed and sad after the parting with Maurice. But you must cheer up darling. The house has been too quiet and sad for the last three weeks. I am glad Eileen Barrett is coming to stay with us for a month. Then Frank will be here frequently, and it will be something like old times for us all."

"Ah, then, Miss Mary," old Norry, who had just come in with the tea-tray, interjects, "I am glad, too, that Master Frank and Miss Eileen will be here to cheer the Missus." "Kathleen, asthore," she says to her mistress, "you are worrying yourself to death. Masther Maurice, God bless his brave heart, will be back in a few years, and so you must keep bright for our own coleen here, and Masther Dermot and the Masther."

Norry Nolan is a privileged person in the Carrigmore household. She had come a bright buxom girl, with her darling Miss Kathleen, from the old home at Currans, when Martin Desmond had made Miss Curtin his wife. Though the faithful maid had received various offers of marriage from well-to-do farmers in her young days, she had refused them all, for all the love of her heart was centred in her young Mistress and her fair children. Hence it is that she

is loved by the family and treated almost as one of themselves.

"Very well, Norry," Mrs. Desmond smilingly reassures the faithful soul. "I will not fret any longer, and neither you nor Mary here need have any anxiety for me. I have been lonely and sad since Maurice left, but now I must cheer up for the sake of my other loved ones."

"Shure, I wouldn't doubt your brave heart, Mavourneen," Norry answers. "And won't Masther Jack be home at Christmas to cheer us all up, and then won't we receive his holy blessing shortly after with God's help."

"Yes, indeed, I ought to be a happy woman with all the blessings God has showered on me," her mistress adds. "But Norry, I was just telling Mary that I have felt a presentiment all day, as if some calamity is about to happen. I know I am foolish, but I cannot be easy until your Master and Dermot are home."

"Mother of God, preserve us!" the old housekeeper says, in startled tones of terror, as she piously crosses herself, for she distinctly recalls words of the very same kind uttered by her young Mistress on the evening of that awful night long ago, when the dreadful tragedy was enacted in Mr. Curtin's home. She quickly recovers, and laughs at herself for a foolish old woman.

"Shure, Asthore," she says. "It is because you have been fretting that you are so nervous and have these foolish fears. Please God, the Masther and young Dermot will get back safe and sound. And they will be starved, too, I'll warrant, so I must bustle and see that Bridget is not spoiling the dinner."

Mary and her Mother soon go to the dining-room to prepare the table for dinner. They spread the

snow-white damask on the wide table, and bring out the quaint old china and silver from the oaken sideboards, for Doctor O'Moore is an honoured guest, and they must treat him as such. When the table is decked with rare old silver and late roses and autumn leaves, the ladies pause to admire their work. Then they hear the sound of voices coming in through the open windows. They recognise Mr. Desmond's voice, but on going to a window to greet the home-comers, they cannot see them, as, it is now dark. Suddenly a pistol shot rings out ominous and distinct in the night-air. Then an awful cry of pain and a confusion of voices. Mrs. Desmond shrieked in terror: "Oh, Mary, your father is killed. I knew it, I knew some curse was impending." She sped in the wild frenzy of her heart out across the lawn to where the voices were shouting for help.

"Kathleen! be calm. Some murderer fired a deadly shot from yonder dump of laurels, and Myles is killed or dying," Martin Desmond exclaimed.

"Oh, thank God, then Martin, you are safe," his wife cries, while Mary, white and trembling, kneels beside the prostrate figure, whose head Doctor O'Moore is supporting.

"This is terrible, Mary," he murmurs. "He is dying fast, and there is no use in moving him. Get me some pillows," he says to one of the crowd of terror-stricken servants, who now stand round.

The pillows were procured, and Mary and the Doctor placed them gently under the shoulders of the dying man.

After five minutes, when they had forced some spirits down his throat, he opened his eyes and gasped:

"The Master, is he safe?"



"Yes, Myles, old fellow ; here I am, safe and sound," Martin assured him.

"Thank God," the dying man said, now distinctly. "I saw Bill Daly over there near that clump of bushes. He had the pistol pointed at you as you came up the walk. I jumped in front of you as the shot was fired, and, thank God, I saved you."

His eyes closed again. Martin Desmond's eyes were moist when he realised that his faithful servant had sacrificed himself to save his Master from the murderous shot. Kathleen Desmond, Mary, Norry, and the other female servants sobbed aloud.

He opened his eyes again, and smiled. "Is that you, Miss Mary?"—she stooped down to catch his laboured words—"Be good to Shiela and the little ones. I would like to have the priest with me now, but I am not afraid, I was at the altar on Sunday last. Give my love to Master Maurice—God bless you. . . . Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I commend my soul. . . ."

These were his last words. His eyes closed in the sleep of peace, and his head fell back on the pillows with a calm, happy smile on his dead face.

Ah! surely the Saviour who shed His blood in dread sacrifice on Calvary, rewarded this hero who died to save his master, and God's angels must have escorted in joy and triumph to his glorious reward, the faithful soul of brave Myles Byrne.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Daly's Death.

It was long after midnight when the family retired on that memorable night. Martin Desmond wanted to bring the body up to the house and have it laid in the drawing-room, but the poor, sorrowing widow begged that the remains of her late husband be waked at the little lodge down at the gate, where she lived. O'Moore, whose visit to the south on this occasion was for the purpose of fulfilling his promise to Maurice, and by paying Corrigan the amount due to him, freeing the Desmond home and property entirely from his clutches, had made Martin's heart glad by fixing up the matter with Corrigan in his presence before they drove out from the town.

Mrs. Desmond told them of her presentiment before the event. "Thank God," she ejaculated, "it was not you, Martin, though you had a narrow escape and owe your life to poor Byrne." Dermot, with two of the men, rode into Dingle immediately after the murder had been perpetrated, and gave the alarm to the police. He arrived home just as the family were about to say the Rosary, and informed them that search parties of police were scouring the country for the assassin.

"Dermot, I hope they will find the wretch," Mary says, with a shudder. "None of us will be safe until the scoundrel is under lock and key."

"There is no need for you to fear further another attack from him. All his efforts will now be centred in making good his escape, and no doubt, in the dusky

light, he would not have known that poor Myles received the murderous shot intended for father."

"But what motive could the scoundrel have had in attempting your father's life, Dermot?" queried Doctor O'Moore.

"Oh, the fellow is a villian of the very worst type," Dermot answered. "Maurice could never tolerate him. He never attended to his work, and was a constant source of quarrelling between the other hands. Maurice dismissed him for drunkenness and dishonesty, but when the rascal pleaded for another chance he took him back again, through pity for his sick wife and starving children. The rascal must have come back solely for revenge. Maurice and Hugh O'Sullivan caught him on the night before the Cup just in the act of injuring Rosaleen, but Maurice, with his usual generosity, gave him a chance to quit the country. It was only a day or two before my brother's departure that he disclosed Daly's ruffianly designs on Rosaleen to me, and I, thinking the wretch had cleared out, scarce gave him a thought since."

"Good heavens! What a vindictive ruffian the fellow must be," O'Moore exclaimed. "Martin, old friend, we can never be grateful enough for your miraculous escape."

Never before was the Rosary recited with such fervour and gratitude as it was that night at Carrigmore, and when the Mysteries were ended our friends knelt long in silent prayer for the eternal rest of the noble soul of poor Myles Byrne.

The funeral procession that followed the remains of Martin Desmond's horse trainer and coachman was the largest that had ever been witnessed even in that district, where the good natured country folks are never too busy to pay the last tribute of respect and



reverence to a deceased neighbour. The long train of vehicles of all descriptions, followed by several hundred horsemen and pedestrians innumerable, the whole mournful array extending over three miles, and augmented at each cross road between Carrigmore and Killiney, was ample testimony to the popularity of poor Byrne, and the appreciation by the people of his heroic death. The procession was headed by Father Tim, his curate, Father Tom, and three of the Dingle priests. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the stalwart young farmers all the way to Killiney, even up the steep road over Connor Hill they bore it on their strong shoulders, a big contingent relieving their fellows at intervals. Daly had not yet been found. A horse saddled and dust stained, taken from Martin Desmond's stables, was found the morning after the murder a mile from Carrigmore. A schooner which had come to Dingle from America laden with pine logs had sailed away early that morning, and it was supposed that Daly had made his escape on board this ship. And so the wild caoine of grief uttered by the female mourners, the soul-stirring ulla-lu of sorrow had interspersed with its thrilling lamentations for the death of the brave Byrne weird fierce imprecations on his murderer.

The poor widow had insisted on attending the remains to their last resting place, and so Mrs. Desmond and Mary in the sad fellowship of grief mourned and wept with her in the old family coach.

The last sad rites at the grave were impressive.

Father Tim eulogised the sacrifice of the dead man in terms that brought floods of tears from every eye. The shades of night had fallen when the last sod was placed on the grave, and after a hurried repast at Castlegregory, the mourners sped home as fast as

ever they could, for the evening was dark and threatening, and there were ominous tokens of a stormy night.

Mrs. Desmond and Mary declined the invitation of Martin's sister, Mrs. O'Leary, to spend the night at Killiney. They knew the poor young widow would be anxious to get back to her little ones, and so with Dr. O'Moore and Mr. Desmond they drove off for home.

Dermot did not leave Killiney until near ten o'clock that night. Arthur O'Leary yielded to the pressing invitation of Dermot and Frank O'Riordan to ride to Carrigmore with them.

"By Jove, lads," O'Riordan said as they rode through Stradbally, "we will have a rough ride, I think." It had been blowing a terrific gale for the previous quarter of an hour, and now a blinding flash of lightning followed by a deafening crash of thunder caused their horses to prance and shy in terror.

"Never mind, lads," Arthur exclaimed, when his voice could be heard. "A ride in a storm like this over these hills is what I revel in. Our horses are good, and we will not pull rein until we get to Dingle."

Never again did our young friends experience such a terrific storm. The crashing of the thunder reverberated along the steep gorges and rugged sides of the mountains, the roar of the sea came up Brandon Bay, the lightning flashed every moment with blinding gleam, showing the riders the perilous precipices that skirted the wild road as they rode upwards and buffeted the frenzied fury of the storm. When they had arrived at the top of the mountain the storm had spent itself, and the moon shone out. The view from here is fascinating in any phase of nature, to-night it

was grand. In the bright moonlight the torrents caused by the phenomenal rains that had fallen during the storm flashed and gleamed along their foaming course down to the gloomy Pedlar's Lake, always in shadow. Down below, the moonlight lit up the raging bay and silvered the wet roofs of the town of Dingle.

"Well, boys! that was a terrific ride," Dermot exclaimed, as they rode side by side along the bit of level road on top, and looked down on the wet moonlit valley. "Thank God we came through it safe, but when our horses shied along by those cliffs, I thought every moment she and I would be lost."

They rode on down the slope past Sugar Loaf and Ballinasig into the town, but did not pause until they dismounted at Benner's. Here the ostlers took their horses in charge, and O'Riordan insisting, the cousins had each a steaming bumper of hot spirits before they continued their ride to Carrigmore.

When riding down the Maum Hill, near Lake Crawley, they noticed something white lying at the bottom of a ravine near the road-side. Dermot dismounted and climbed down the side to see what it could be. He gave a cry of startled surprise when he reached the object, and called loudly for Frank and Arthur to come to him.

There, lying at the bottom of the ravine, and hidden almost under the projecting bank was the dead body of Bill Daly. Frank O'Riordan, on examining the remains, found that the neck was broken and the skull fractured by contact with the rocks close above. The awful look on the dead man's face was revolting in the extreme. The lads easily surmised how he had met with his death. When escaping after his murderous crime, his horse must have shied and thrown him down the ravine.



"Good heavens! What a fearful death, and immediately after such a desperate crime," Frank exclaimed.

Yes, indeed, retribution followed Daly swift and soon, and God's hand fell heavy on the criminal who had branded his soul with the crime of Cain. Our friends arrived at Carrigmore tired and weary. Old Norry had waited up to receive them. She insisted on their going to bed immediately. Cheery fires were burning in their bedrooms, and they were soon sound asleep.



## CHAPTER XV.

### A Desperate Woman's Plot.

The months rolled quickly by. December with its frosts and snows was already a few days old, and Christmas is drawing on apace. Evelyn D'Aubrey has prolonged her stay at Beaumont House longer than was her intention at first. Lady Dunquin has simulated love for the gentle fiancée of her son so cleverly that Evelyn rejoices at the motherly affection evidenced towards her from the very first day of her visit by this proud lady. Yet there is something about Lady Isabella that repels her, despite all that lady's gushing demonstrations of love. But the girl stifles and repulses the unaccountable repugnance she feels towards her hostess, she rebukes herself as being ungrateful and capricious, and strives to return a genuine measure of affection for the love so lavishly given.

Evelyn is in her room this cold December morning. She is seated at the window, and is gazing out at the white mantle of snow on lawn and tree and distant hill. The girl's face is sad and weary looking as she looks out on the frozen world. Since Herbert's departure to St. Petersburg she has had very few letters from him, and these few in their cold conventional phrasings were so utterly unlike the loving letters she had expected from her absent lover that they brought a chill of anguish to her tender heart. Her soul is racked with doubt, for Lady Isabella, when caressing her, always says how glad she is that her darling Evelyn will soon be Herbert's bride, and then her wayward boy will no longer torment her by his wild

adventures. What, the girl asked herself, could her frank, ingenuous lover, on whose truth and nobility of character she would have staked her life. Could he have stooped to demean himself by such mad escapades and dishonourable adventures as his mother hinted at; the so-called wild oats of a number of the young aristocrats of the day? Oh no, it could not be! And yet here was his own mother plainly hinting that all her son's actions in the past were not such as could bear the light of day. She feared to make inquiry into the hinted wildness of her lover lest her maddening doubts should be confirmed.

And then these doubts, spurned aside and trampled on, she, loyal heart that she was, refused to believe that Herbert, to her the living incarnation of manly honour and moral rectitude, could have ever tarnished his life by those atrocious vices deemed peccadilloes in the lives of the young noblemen of the day by a corrupt society, or that having rashly perpetrated any such youthful follies, he would have cloaked or concealed them from her. And yet how cruelly cold her lover's letters are, how different to the strong manly love he had shown her before his departure. Ah! poor Evelyn, poor guileless, unsuspecting girl, you are being sadly deceived by the wicked woman who is pausing at nothing when working to satisfy her hate and to place a barrier between you and her son.

Lady Isabella is in her room this morning also. Her ladyship is reading a letter received a few days before from St. Petersburg. Dear reader, you will wonder how far a human being can become so absolutely callous, so lost to honour and utterly indifferent to consequences when Hate holds sway in a human heart, and that vile passion is ever goading its victim to seek revenge. Lady Isabella is an immensely wealthy woman, so she has the wherewithal to pay a



big price to creatures who are necessary to the due enactment of her plots and plans.

When Herbert departed for St. Petersburg she sent her own private secretary, Charlotte Roseblade, an adept at the disreputable art of forgery, to reside in that same city. Herbert's letters to Evelyn came every week, but her mother destroyed every one of them after they had been perused by her ladyship. Charlotte, acting on instructions from her mistress, wrote occasionally cold, careless letters purporting to be from Herbert, the writing and signature being an exact counterfeit of his. These poor Evelyn received, and each succeeding letter palled her soul by its cold indifference.

Her ladyship, needless to say, kept careful guard over Evelyn's letters to her lover. Needless, too, to say, none of them ever reached their destination, but instead her ladyship, an adept also at Charlotte's base accomplishment, wrote letters purporting to be from Evelyn, and if the imitations written by her minion were cold, her ladyship's false forgeries were colder and far more cruel still.

Lady Isabella has suffered a thousand annoyances and inconveniences in prosecuting malicious ends. She abominates Ireland and Lord Dunquin's Irish home, yet here she is in the depth of winter when she longs for the glitter and the lustre of the winter carnivals of pleasure in fashionable London. She has feigned illness to Evelyn, and begged of her to remain with her, as she hates going back to London just yet, and wants to revel in the love of her dear child, as she styles the unsuspecting girl.

"I must win," she muses to-day. "The rash boy will be maddened by her apparent coldness. He will release her, throw up his office, and rush off to India

or Africa to hunt tigers or lions for a few years. Then when he returns, the infatuation will have died out."

"Ha!" she exclaims, as she sees a groom ride up the avenue with the mail bag. "The post is arrived. I must obtain the letters before they take them to her." She goes down and obtains the mail. There are numerous epistles from London friends, but these she tosses aside. Two she opens and reads. One is from Herbert to Evelyn, demanding in manly terms a reason for her coldness. The other is from the forger, telling her ladyship that, acting on instructions, she has brought things to a climax in her forged letter by this mail. Herbert's real letter her ladyship destroyed, the other she herself takes unopened to Evelyn.

"Here, my pet," she says, as she enters the girl's room. "Here is a letter from our knight-errant. Let us hear what tales of adventure he has to impart to his sighing lady love."

Evelyn tore open the envelope, and read the letter. Her face became ashen as she read. The letter is a formal breaking-off of their engagement, intimating that since his arrival in Russia, he has ascertained that his love for her was only an infatuation, and that he has met one in St. Petersburg whom he truly loves. The girl's face became ghastly as she read. She trembled like an aspen leaf, but steadying herself, just said, in cold hard tones, "Pardon me, Lady Isabella, there is no news that would interest you. Herbert is well. Will you please leave me now, as I have a terrible headache and wish to be alone."

Her ladyship bowed and withdrew to her own boudoir. "I did not expect so much self-control from the young Papist," she muttered, disappointed at not having beheld the anguish of her poor victim dis-

played before her gloating eyes. The moment Lady Isabella had departed, Evelyn swayed, and with a stifled cry fell heavily on the floor in a death-like swoon. Here she was found ten minutes later by her devoted maid, Kitty Murphy, who, shocked and terror-stricken, speedily applied restoratives, and brought the poor young lady back to consciousness.

"Evelyn, my sweet mistress. What is the matter? What has happened?" she asked, as her young lady opened her eyes.

"I cannot tell you, Kitty," she gasped, but handing her the letter, she asked her to read it. "Kitty, I must get away from here. I cannot stay an hour longer. Get me some means unknown to Lady Dunquin of going to Mary Desmond, to Carrigmore. We must remain there to-night, and to-morrow we will go home."

"Oh, may heaven comfort you, my sweet angel," Kitty murmured, when she had read the letter. "But I cannot believe this of Master Herbert. There is treachery somewhere. I have often noticed the look on that haughty woman's face, after she had been with my young mistress, and I'll warrant it boded no good. I must coax that cockney ass, James, to drive us to Carrigmore, while her ladyship is taking her afternoon nap. I know if I use a little blarney I can put the 'comether' on him, and he will do anything for me."

Evelyn did not go down to lunch. Lady Isabella retired for her afternoon siesta, after she had lunched. James was easily won over by the artful Kitty, and drove Evelyn and her maid to Carrigmore. Great was the surprise of Kathleen Desmond, Mary and Eileen Barrett when the carriage drove up late in the evening, and Kitty Murphy helped her young mistress out of it.



"Mrs. Desmond, Mary," the young girl exclaimed, "you must let me stay here to-night. I am going home to-morrow. Oh, heavens, I cannot think what to say or do."

Kathleen Desmond and Mary knew by the girl's wild agonised face that some terrible trouble had come on her. They brought her to her room, and here, with wild fevered eyes, and in wild unnatural way, the girl told them of her trouble. They put her to bed, and tried to comfort her, but before an hour had passed, Evelyn D'Aubrey was raving in the wild delirium of brain fever.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### A Base Plot Detected.

Kathleen Desmond, her husband, Mary, Eileen Barrett, and Dermot held a hurried consultation in the ladies' parlour, when old Norry had taken charge of the poor young lady in the sick room.

"I think, Martin, we had better wire for her parents immediately," Mrs. Desmond suggested. "Poor Miss D'Aubrey is in the throes of brain fever, if I mistake not, and the sooner Lord and Lady D'Aubrey arrive, the more relieved will we all feel in her regard."

"Yes, Kathleen, I thoroughly agree with you," Martin answered. "Dermot, lad, ride in to Dingle as quickly as ever Rosaleen can carry you, and wire to Lord D'Aubrey to come at once. Acting on my own responsibility, I will ask you to wire to George O'Moore, also. If anybody can pull the young lady through this illness, he is the man."

"Yes, father," Mary added, "and had we not better send in to Tralee for two nursing sisters to attend to poor Evelyn? Lady D'Aubrey will, I am sure, be pleased if we secure the best attention possible. Of course, Dermot, you will ask Frank to ride back with you to-night."

Dermot rode in to Dingle, hastily executed his errands, and, accompanied by Doctor O'Riordan, arrived home about midnight.

"What do you think is the matter with poor Miss D'Aubrey, Frank?" Mrs. Desmond enquired. "Is it brain fever?"

"Yes, auntie, it is. The poor girl must have been worrying and fretting for some time back. She is

very much wasted. And, of course, that sudden shock you told me of is the cause of her present illness."

All through the night the ladies kept watch, and Frank O'Riordan, with a grave anxious look on his usually bright face, soothed and relieved the poor sufferer as well as he could. Evelyn called wildly on her lover to come to her, to tell her that his mother's inuendoes were false. Then again her delirium would take a milder form, and she would be back to the happy days when she and Herbert revelled in the joy of purest love. Morning brought no relief. The wild delirium still lasted, and the anxious watchers hoped and prayed that her parents would arrive that evening.

About four in the afternoon, Lord and Lady D'Aubrey arrived. They had come to Tralee by train that morning, but unable to endure the suspense, did not wait for the evening train to Dingle, so they hired a carriage and pair of fast horses and drove right off to Carrigmore.

Martin and Frank led Lord D'Aubrey to the library, but Lady Edith would brook no delay. She begged to be brought to her child immediately. "Oh, Mrs. Desmond," she exclaimed, "I feel that you and yours are old friends. I have known you from Evelyn's letters. Oh, take me to my poor darling, and let me know what they have done to her."

"Calm yourself, dear Lady D'Aubrey," Mrs. Desmond gently implored. "Please God, with skill and care your gentle daughter will soon recover. She has been crying for you since mid-day, but you must be calm and not disturb her."

"I will try, my friend. Oh, God help me, and spare my darling child to me."



To their joy, Evelyn recognised her mother even in her delirium. "Oh, mother, I am glad you have come to me. Oh! they have told me wicked things about my love, and, oh! that cruel letter. Tell me, mother, tell me, Herbert is not false to me."

"My darling child, be calm," Lady Edith murmured, as she kissed the fevered cheeks and throbbing brow of her sick child. "They have lied to you, and Herbert will soon be with you that this is so."

Evelyn burst into a wild fit of weeping, but Frank said that this was just the issue to her mother's coming that he had hoped for. "Now," he said, "these tears will relieve her brain. I will give her a sleeping draught when the weeping is over. Do not be alarmed, Lady D'Aubrey, the fever is not too heavy, and when Dr. O'Moore arrives, we will soon have her convalescent."

"Oh! How can I ever thank you all for your goodness to my wronged child; but, yes, God will reward you and bless you for it."

Dr. O'Moore arrived that night. Dermot had met him and the nursing sisters at the Dingle station, and drove them immediately to Carrigmore. O'Moore found the patient sleeping under the effects of the sedative Dr. Frank had administered, and having imparted his instructions to the sisters, left the patient in their charge for the night. He comforted the parents by telling them that there was no need to worry too much in regard to their child's illness, for her constitution was good and the crisis once past she would be speedily restored to health.

In the dining-room that night Lord Gerald and the gentlemen discussed the letter which was the cause of this violent shock to his idolised daughter.

"By heavens! It is a forgery. Herbert Beaumont is one of the noblest characters on earth, and he is

not the base cad to win the girl's affections and then break her heart," Lord Gerald exclaimed, as he paced the room. "No, that woman has been plotting mischief. She has duped my child. Yes, gentlemen, I knew of old that she hated me and Edith, and so I mistrusted her apparent joy at the coming marriage of Herbert and Evelyn. I do not believe in her demonstrative effusions. 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' But Edith overruled my doubts, and I allowed my child to go to that fiend."

"Well, Lord D'Aubrey, if you are so thoroughly convinced that young Beaumont never wrote that letter, I strongly advise you to send for him at once. I have no doubt your daughter will soon recover, but as it's more a case of mental than bodily trouble, nothing will restore her to perfect health more speedily than the presence of her lover, and his assurance that his love is not changed nor lessened one whit."

"I thoroughly agree with you, Doctor," Gerald D'Aubrey answered. "I will wire to Herbert tomorrow, and ask him to come at once."

After a few days, Evelyn's recovery was rapid.

Doctor O'Moore pronounced her out of danger on the seventh day after his arrival, and having assured her parents that she was in very capable hands, under Frank O'Riordan's care, he departed for Dublin, as he could not well remain away from his work there any longer.

Herbert Beaumont arrived a week later. The grief of the young fellow was excessive when he beheld the girl he loved so well, so worn and wasted, and his indignation was terrible when he ascertained that his scheming mother had plotted so malignantly against his betrothed, and so criminally endeavoured

to prevent her union with him. But his presence and his great love soon brought back the light to Evelyn's eyes, and the roses to her cheeks.

"Evelyn, darling," he says, as he is seated at her feet in the ladies' sitting-room on the day after his arrival. "How they have tortured you, my poor wounded love. But now, dearest, you must get well and think no more of the maze of deceit into which they led you, the web of falsehood and misrepresentation they wove round us both, for I repeat and swear to you that you are my first and only love, and that never in my life has there been anything that I would wish to hide from you."

"I know it, Herbert, but I was so far from imagining such cruel baseness in your mother. Those letters were so cleverly forged, and oh, so cruelly cold, and then that last dreadful letter, Herbert, it almost broke my heart. But now you are with me and you will never more let them come between us."

Herbert vowed that he would never again leave her, and that as soon as she should be restored to health, he would make her his own forever.

The lovers then remained silent for a long time, but it was a silence more eloquent of tender love than the most impassioned utterances of it could be, for heart spoke to heart, and soul went out to soul in the sweet consciousness of strongest love. Then each of them experienced that strange psychical feeling which comes so often to some people, and to others, never; that sudden mysterious and unaccountable remembrance of the very same words spoken and listened to, the very same sensations experienced in the same scene, and 'mid the same surroundings long, long ago, as if in some remote, pre-natal period of the soul's existence. Evelyn related her illusions, as



she termed it, to her lover, and asked him to explain it.

"Well, Evelyn," he answered, "It is strange that just now a sudden conviction—almost it was that I had lived and enacted the past hour some time in the distant past, flashed to my mind. But, darling, this experience of ours is a problem that confounds wiser heads than ours. At all events, we know that our present happiness is no phantasy of the brain, and if we cannot comprehend these subtle vagaries of the soul, we know that if we be true to the end of our existence we shall one day have all these mysteries made clear in the light of Life Eternal."

"Yes, Herbert, let us help one another to bring our souls to that glorious light," Evelyn murmured.

Herbert endeared himself to everybody at Carrigmore before he had been two days with them. His candour and manliness were so patent that they could not help loving him, and so they rejoiced that Lady Dunquin's atrocious plot had failed, and that the young lovers were not separated.

Herbert drove over to Beaumont House two days after his arrival, but his mother had left for London the previous day. He was glad she had departed, for so great was his anger at the base part she had played, that he feared he would not have been able to control his feelings had she remained to meet him. He wrote to her, and in a few sentences told her that her schemes had failed, and that as soon as Evelyn D'Aubrey was sufficiently recovered, he would make her his wife. He informed her also that he had resigned his foreign appointment, and that as he had no inclination to mix in London society, he would henceforward make Beaumont House his home. By the same mail he wrote to his father telling him that he

had become a Catholic, and asking for his sanction to his approaching marriage with Evelyn D'Aubrey.

He received a bitter letter from Lady Isabella two days later. She expressed neither regret nor sorrow for her perfidy. The only sorrow she did evidence was that her plot had failed. She told him how she hated the D'Aubreys with a hate that would never relent. "So you have estranged yourself still further from me," she wrote. "You have become a Papist; well, henceforth, I am childless. I have no son. I disown you, and hate you now as I hate the D'Aubreys and their child. The only keepsake I bequeath you is my bitter curse on you and your Papist bride."

Poor Herbert was shocked beyond measure at such an unnatural letter, but he was consoled by a kind fatherly epistle from Lord Dunquin. "My boy," he wrote, "your mother you must forgive. Her pride and hate have impaired her reason, but, Herbert, my son, believe me when I say that I knew nothing of the base plot against your bride until you disclosed it to me. I knew she wished to prevent the marriage, but did not think she would stoop so low. My boy, I am going home to Ireland next week. I fear my days are numbered, and I want to spend the remnant of my life in peace. My doctor tells me that my heart is bad, and I may drop off at any moment. Thank God, my son, you are no mad pleasure-hunter as I have been all my life. Now I realise what a fool I have been, and I want in calm and peace to prepare for the end."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Christmas Joys.

Those December evenings at Carrigmore were very glad and bright. Lord D'Aubrey departed for home a few days after Herbert's arrival, but Lady Edith became so attached to Carrigmore and its inmates that she prolonged her stay. Her maid arrived, bringing with her Moira, the only other child of the D'Aubreys. Moira was a lovely girl of sixteen, full of life and spirits. She and Dermot became great friends, and many were the long rides they enjoyed together during those crisp, bracing December days. Herbert Beaumont and Frank O'Riordan were almost daily visitors at the Desmond home. Lord Dunquin sometimes accompanied his son. The old nobleman rejoiced that his boy had won the love of so sweet and fair a girl as Evelyn D'Aubrey.

The evenings were spent by the young people ever so brightly. There were music and song, jest and laughter. Frank and Herbert were kindred spirits, and Eileen Barrett and Moira D'Aubrey aided and abetted all their romps, while Mary and Evelyn enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content.

Mrs. Desmond and Lady D'Aubrey gave thanks to God for all this brightness. These two had become very dear to one another, for Edith D'Aubrey daily appreciated and loved more and more the virtues and refinement of the gentle mistress of Carrigmore.

Martin Desmond was in his element. A more genial host could not well be found, and he laughed and jested with the young people as merrily as the



merriest of them. But his blue eyes would sometimes grow moist, and a wistful expression would steal over his face. He would gaze at his wife, Kathleen, and she, knowing where his thoughts had strayed, would think, too, of her brave boy, her noble-hearted Maurice, far, far away in far Australia, and the fond parents would pray that God would guard their absent son, and bring him back safe to them again.

Ah! it is always thus. Young people soon forget the absent brother or sister, but the old gray-haired father and the loving mother never forget, for when the laughter is brightest and the mirth gayest round the old fireside in the old home, then more than ever is the absent one remembered and prayed for by the fond, faithful hearts of the old parents.

They had received two letters from Maurice since his arrival in the Sunny South. On the boat he had made the acquaintance of a wealthy squatter who had taken a great interest in the young fellow, and offered him a position as manager of a station in the North Eastern part of Victoria. Maurice told them that he had accepted the position; the salary was very good. He had already made several successful speculations on his own account. He was delighted with Victoria, though, of course, his heart was at home in the dear old land.

Christmas is but a few days distant now. Herbert and Evelyn have arranged that their marriage will take place early in January, and so Lady D'Aubrey and her daughters, anxious to spend Christmas at home in Lorna Hall, and eager also to make preparations for the coming wedding, bid adieu for a short time to their friends at Carrigmore. Eileen and Frank are to be married on the same day as Evelyn, and so she easily persuaded her parents to allow her nup-

tials be celebrated in Dingle, so that their Carrigmore friends could be present at both weddings.

Eileen Barrett is to spend the Christmas holidays at Carrigmore, as her father has accepted Martin Desmond's invitation for them both. He is expected home on Christmas eve, and Jack and Hugh O'Sullivan are to arrive from Killarney on the same evening. They have already left the city on their holidays, but Mr. O'Sullivan, Hugh's uncle, insisted on their spending a few days with him.

Mary and Eileen drove to the little church at Carrig on the afternoon of Christmas Eve to decorate the altar for the glad festival, and erect the little crib which will portray to the simple country-folk on the morrow that winter's night so long ago, when Jesus was born of Mary in the stable at Bethlehem, and received the adorations of the lowly shepherds and his Mother's holy spouse St. Joseph.

It was late when they had finished their pious work, and as they drove home the Christmas candles shone like stars innumerable from the window of every cot and every farm-house in every hamlet in the parish. The girls were greeted by the glad greeting *Ulug Slan*—A Happy Christmas—all along the road, by crowds of rosy children. As they drove up towards the lodge gate a jaunting-car drove up, also, from the Dingle direction. The girls, with glad exclamations, recognised Jack's cheery voice as he greeted Mrs. Byrne—the widow of poor Myles. When they pulled up at the gate they saw that he was accompanied by Mr. Barrett, Hugh O'Sullivan, and Dermot. Dermot took charge of Mary's pony and gig, and he and the coachman drove both vehicles up the avenue, while Mr. Barrett and the lads exchanged greetings with the girls.

"A Happy Christmas to you, Eileen, and to you, Mary," Stephen Barrett greets, as he kisses his daughter, and takes his godchild's hand.

"Oh, how nice, papa, that we all met at the gate," Eileen exclaimed; "Mary and I have been decorating the Church for the morning."

Mr. Barrett, Jack, and Eileen walked up the avenue together. Hugh and Mary followed.

"Mary, I am so glad I met you here," Hugh exclaimed. He has grown stronger during the last three months, and looks even more handsome than ever. "Mary, I must tell you to-night, even this blessed night, that I love you with all my heart. Maurice and Jack both know my secret, and I thought I would not avow my love to you until I should have succeeded in some honourable career, but, Mary, my uncle has made me his heir, so that if I so wished it, though I have no such intentions, I need not study for the bar; but though I know I will inherit his wealth, I am none the less anxious to succeed in the career I have marked out for myself. When I told my uncle how good and beautiful you were, Mary, he bade me go and win you, for he would gladly welcome you as his daughter. Mary, my beloved, I have hoped, aye, and I believe, that my love is returned. Will you tell me that it is so?"

"Oh, Hugh," she answered, "I love you with all the love my heart can give. May God forgive me, I loved you even before I knew you had decided on not becoming a priest. Yes, Hugh, from the very first moment I met you."

"God bless you, my own darling. Mary, my love," he said, as he kissed her tenderly, "God has intended us for one another; and here, this holy night, let us



promise to help one another to love Him with an ever increasing love."

"Yes, Hugh, I promise," Mary murmured, and so two more of our young lovers plighted their troth on this blessed Christmas night, while the Christmas stars shone down upon them, and the Christmas lights gleamed brightly from every window round St. Brendan's holy valley.

They arranged that Hugh should speak to Mary's parents that night; but they decided that their marriage should not take place until Hugh would be called to the bar, and Maurice would be home from Australia to claim his young bride.

It was a glad and happy Christmas at Carrigmore. The happiness of Martin and Kathleen Desmond was still enhanced by the news of Mary's and Hugh's engagement, and Jack's approaching ordination. "God bless you, Hugh; may you and my beloved child be happy," Mrs. Desmond said, when Hugh asked for her sanction to their engagement; "I have always esteemed you and loved you for your likeness to my poor, absent Maurice."

"Give me your hand, my lad," Martin said. "There is no one on earth to whom I would more willingly entrust the happiness of my own colleen than to you, Hugh. You have won the love of an angel; but there, I need not ask you to be worthy of her, because I know you are, my boy."

What a holy sight it was, early on Christmas morning, long before the dawn, to see the crowds wending their way along the cliff road to the little Church. The Christmas lights burned brightly from every window, and the Church was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem. The people had to set out thus early, for the priest must hear con-

fessions before Mass, and all, to-day, with scarce an exception, are to approach the Holy Table.

Ah, Christmas. Holy Christmas, in Holy Ireland, 'mid the frosts and the snows and the cold winter winds. How glad a time it is when friends who can come are re-united round the old hearthstone, and absent ones are prayed for, and their names mentioned with a sigh. Where the old world customs are preserved, where the bright green leaves and ruddy berries of the holly deck the festive board, and merry lovers snatch the privilege that is theirs 'neath the hanging mistletoe. Where the true spiritual meaning of this, the greatest festival of the year, is realised and cherished. How different Christmas in new lands, where the name scarce suggests a thought of the dear Saviour in many minds, and where the holy holidays are made the occasion of mad, wanton carnivals of pleasure and sin.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Maurice.

Away in the great Southern Continent, Maurice Desmond spends his first Christmas away from home. His employer, Mr. Cuthbert, has the greatest esteem for the young fellow, who has proved himself a thorough gentleman, and is a competent manager over the station of which he has charge. Maurice's station is away up the Upper Murray, and as his life is lonely, and devoid of congenial society, in the lonely ranch where he lives, with no other company than the few household servants, and the rough station hands, he is glad enough to receive a letter from Mr. Cuthbert, asking him to leave things in charge to John Duncan, his trusty right-hand man, and to spend the Christmas holidays with him and his family at their home in St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Maurice has not altered much since we last saw him on the Quay, at the North Wall, Dublin. He is as handsome as ever; his splendid physique has become more perfect, if anything, and his face has become bronzed by exposure to the warm sun in his long rides over the cattle-runs.

He is pleased with Australia and the Australians; the bush has a thousand charms for him, with its groves and forests of giant eucalypti, its wattle-fringed creeks, its weird, strange sounds, its brilliantly-coloured birds, and marvellous animal life. The people, too, charm him; there is a bonhomie, a frank manliness about them, that is attractive and refreshing. They have none of that reserve of the Englishman,



and after a few hours' acquaintance Maurice has felt at home with most of those he has met. It is true that the pure, religious atmosphere so evident in old Ireland, is absent, that numbers of the educated think very little of things spiritual, and that a vast proportion of the rough station hands he has met both in the station over which he has charge, and in the neighbouring ranches, are absolutely godless. But he is proud and glad to find that in every town the Catholic element is strong, and not alone the old people who left the old land, but those born in Australian soil, underneath their matter-of-fact colonial manners, have, deep down in their hearts, a fund of fervent faith and true piety. He is indeed charmed with the young Australians, and proud, too, of the splendid types of Irish people he has met everywhere throughout Victoria during these months; but while this is so, he is disgusted with some types of Irish, and these, too numerous to his mind, who are decidedly no credit to the land of their birth. Some of these Maurice styled Irish Jews, who victims of perverse laws, and long protracted mis-government, left home ignorant and poor, but who, in this El Dorado of the South, had, with the acquisition of wealth and property, made gold their idol, and given their religion a back place. They were nominal Catholics, indeed, but far better that they laid aside the pretence. Whenever these individuals spoke in their uncouth way of the "Ould dart," it was to recall only its poverty and misery. The secret was, that poverty and persecution had, instead of ennobling them, as the majority of the children of the Gael had been ennobled by adversity, had vitiated them, and made them serfs in mind as well as in body. That innate refinement, so evident in the poorest Irish peasants, was altogether absent, and so better circum-

stances in a new land only helped to show them out more as veriest boors.

No wonder the children of such as these despised the Irish blood in them, and sought to forget that they were in any way connected with the Emerald Isle.

It astonished him, too, to find numbers of people bearing such patronymics as O'Brien, Murphy, O'Connell (Oh, shade of the mighty Dan), etc., not Catholics, but Church of England, or Presbyterians, or, more frequently still, Wesleyans. But while this was so, the majority of those from the old sod whom he met with 'neath the Southern Cross were grand types of the fine old Irish race.

Maurice rode out from "Dunkirk" station on the day before Christmas Eve. It was evening when he set out; the day had been very warm, and he had delayed his ride until the scorching heat of the sun should have abated somewhat. The ride to Albury was most enjoyable. The bush had its usual charms for him. Rabbits scurried off almost from under his horse's hoofs, impudently whisking their white, furry tails. Bright-coloured parrots, and white, sulphur-crested cockatoos, flew over his head in flocks, the noise of his horse's hoofs, as he cantered along, frightening them from the ubiquitous gum-trees. Where the foliage was thick the sun shone down through it, softened and subdued, in those glorious tints that one sees when its bright beams shine through the rich stained glass windows of some grand cathedral.

Our young friend rode on, enjoying all the myriad attractions of the bush, and then his thoughts wandered back home to old Carrigmore, from this golden Southern Christmas, to the white Yule-tide in the dear old land. "Yes," he mused, "how different everything

is out here. Seems quite another world. They will be busy now preparing for Frank's wedding. Hugh and Jack are home to-day, and my little sweetheart will come to spend portion of the Christmas holidays with Mother and Mary. Ah, me, how I long to be back to them all; back to the dear girl who is waiting for me. But, please God, in a few years I will be back." He is roused from his reverie by the discordant laughter of that funny Australian bush-bird, the laughing jackass. "By jove, if they heard your silly guffaw at home in Ireland, my merry gentleman, they would think you were his Satanic Majesty himself no less," he laughed.

Maurice stayed in the town of Albury that night, and next morning took the express train to Melbourne.

In one of the luxurious homes that front the St. Kilda beach, Edward Cuthbert and his wife lived. They were an ideal couple, still quite young, and the proud parents of eight bonny children. Though they were not of his religion, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert being devout adherents of the Church of England, Maurice could not esteem them more. Edward Cuthbert and his fair wife, Marian, though sought after by the best society in Melbourne, were certainly none of the up-to-date worshippers of fashion and pleasure so numerous among the votaries of so-called Australian high society. An ideal husband and an ideal wife, though knowing that it was not considered bon-ton to have more than one or two children, they fulfilled the sacred duties of married life, and kept their souls unsullied by that sin which is laying waste the world, that sin which is undermining the very foundations of society, and is bringing the world back to the vile luxuriousness and moral corruption of the old Rome of the Caesars. Marion Cuthbert was not one of those self-



considered, heroically philanthropic ladies, whose days are spent in rushing from meeting to meeting, and who are members of the most absurd societies and leagues, from the league for the uplifting of the slum denizens to the league for the pure breeding of poodles, while all the time their own homes are neglected, and their children, if they have any, unloved. Night brings them no respite, for then they have to be present at some evening or ball, and must outshine that arrogant Mrs. Butterfly, and be more stylishly dressed than that upstart, Mrs. Goldnugget. Their husbands do not mind; they have long ago come to look on this as the established order of things, and they seek pleasure over their cards and champagne at their clubs, or amuse themselves with other sirens at the ball or opera-house.

Maurice enjoyed his holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert immensely. They were both cultured and refined, and showed the greatest hospitality to their young guest. He heard Mass on Christmas morn, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and so great were the crowds of Catholic worshippers who heard Mass in this magnificent Church, and so numerous those who, like himself, received the Bread of Life, that he realised for the first time that it was Christmas indeed, and that here, as in old Dublin, and the other cities of Catholic Ireland, the Catholic population were celebrating the Feast of the Nativity in the best and holiest manner possible.

The Cuthberts, with some friends, were to spend the day in Edward's yacht, out on the bay. Maurice, of course, accompanied them. The party dined on deck. Maurice had been introduced early in the day to all the guests, with the exception of one old gentleman, who had been enjoying a nap in Mr. Cuthbert's cabin.

Maurice was introduced to the old gentleman before dinner, and was placed next him at table. He had not caught the name when introduced. "Tell me, my boy," the old man queried, after he had been scrutinising young Desmond's face keenly for some ten minutes, "tell me if you came from Ireland, and, if so, from what part of the old country did you come." Maurice answered, and the old gentleman grew strangely excited.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "you are Martin's son, then. Shake hands, my lad; I am your uncle, Colin. God be praised that I have lived to see again one of my own blood."

"But, Sir," Maurice exclaimed, "my father told us that his brother Colin died years ago, in Sacramento."

"No, my boy, his brother Colin lives still, and you see him before you now. I left Sacramento forty years ago, and came on to Australia. I had made a fortune in America, and supplemented it considerably out here at the gold diggings in Bendigo. I then took up land; all my speculations were successful. I own several stations down near Warrnambool and Colac, and, besides, I have more wealth than I know what to do with. I was your father's senior by ten years, and was a wild lad in the old days. I emigrated to California, and married a beautiful Irish girl. She and her child died twelve months after our marriage, and ever since I have lived alone and friendless."

"Oh, uncle, I should have recognised you at once," Maurice exclaimed, "You bear a striking resemblance to my father."

"And you, my boy, are a handsome Desmond every inch," the old man added. "How glad I am that you are out here. You must tell me all about yourself and the folks at home; and now you must come to live

with your old uncle, and take care of me in my old age."

When the party had arrived home, and the other guests had departed, Mr. Desmond informed his host and his lady of his relationship with their young friend. Edward Cuthbert and his wife heartily congratulated Maurice. "But, Desmond, old fellow," Cuthbert mournfully exclaimed, "I will owe you a life-long grudge. I have lost, through you, the best manager I have ever known. The men at Dunkirk will be sorry you are leaving, Maurice; you are a favourite with all of them, even with crusty old Duncan."

Maurice accompanied his uncle a few days later to his splendid residence in the most fertile part of the Western district of Victoria. His uncle could not let the young fellow away from him for an hour. He put a thousand questions to him about his father, mother, and all the family at Carrigmore. Maurice told him everything, from his father's triumph over Corrigan, to his own determination to win in Australia the money to refund to O'Moore, ere he would go back to claim his bride.

"Put aside all anxiety on that score, Maurice, my lad," the old man said, "I made my will before I left town, and, save what I have bequeathed to charities, I have left everything to you. I would go home with you now, but I am too old and infirm to risk a long sea voyage. I will not be long with you, my boy, and then you must sell out here and go back to live in Carrigmore. Ireland needs young fellows like you. With the wealth I bequeath you, you will be able to do untold good for the dear old land."



## CHAPTER XIX.

### Wedding Bells.

Dingle is all excitement this morning, in January. Crowds of people in holiday attire assemble in the streets, from all the surrounding country. The Church is packed long before ten o'clock. The townspeople and country-folk are jostling one another for elbow-room in the big square before the Church. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the carriages drove up, and the wedding parties marched up the aisle to the sanctuary. The young bride-elects were gorgeously attired in their wedding-robcs of white satin and costly lace and gleaming pearls. People cannot decide which bride is the more beautiful. The auburn tresses and angelic face of Evelyn appeals to some; others, again, award the palm to Eileen Barrett's dark brilliant beauty. The bridesmaids, Mary Desmond, Alice Moore, Moira D'Aubrey, and Kathleen O'Leary, attract much attention so do the noble, stalwart figures of the happy bridegrooms, Herbert Beaumont and Frank O'Riordan. The orphaned children of Myles Byrne have laid aside their mourning to-day. The two bonny boys are dressed in white satin; one acts as train-bearer to Eileen, and the other is Evelyn's little golden-haired page.

Stephen Barrett gives away his fair daughter, and Lord D'Aubrey his lovely girl, Evelyn. Hugh O'Sullivan is Frank's best man. Dermot fulfils that office for Herbert. The old Canon, assisted by his Lordship the Bishop, who has come all the way from Killarney to be present, performs the ceremony. Mrs. Desmond and Lady D'Aubrey, Lord Dunquin, and Mr. Des-

mond, occupy the front seat, and well in evidence, too, are old North and Kitty Murphy, Norah in all the glory of a "bran" new silk gown, and a marvellous piece of mechanism, I would call it not millinery, which is supposed to be a bonnet.

When the ceremony was over, and the procession filed down the aisle again, as the organ pealed out the "Wedding March," the cheering outside was resumed. The young couples received the glad ovations with smiles, as they entered their carriages and were driven off to Beaumont House. The other ladies and gentlemen followed in their carriages, and crowds of the townspeople and Lord Dunquin's tenantry rolled off, too, in jaunting cars, to his Lordship's, for there is to be a royal feast in the barn for the tenantry, and dancing and merry-making galore.

"Ah, then, Norah," one old dame said to the old housekeeper from Carrigmore, "is it not the happy day for us all, the young lord a Catholic, like ourselves, and married to such a sweet young lady as that Miss D'Aubrey, God bless her? Shure, it's a great change entirely. Begorra, now, the next thing they will be givin' us is Home Rule."

"And how fine our own Miss Eileen looked in her wedding-gown," another old dame interjected. "God spare her and her good father to the Dingle people. And, wisha, now, Norah, didn't Miss Mary knock the shine out of all of them. Ah, God bless her, she is the angel of the district, and the kind lady to the poor. Faith, they tell me we are to have some more grand weddings soon," she added, "for Master Maurice is coming home with crocks of goold for that young Dublin lady, and Miss Mary is going to lave us for that fine young gentleman from Killarney."

Old Norah was glad to hear all this praise showered on those so dear to her, but she rebuked the speaker.

"Arrah, be aisy, now, Biddy Nolan," she said, "shure, you are never done with your gossip."

The happy couples did not feel the hours speed by as they received the felicitations and congratulations of their friends and guests. Lord Dunquin was happier than he had ever been in his life. He and the bishop were engaged in a close *tete-a-tete* on Irish politics, and so charmed was he by the learning and wit of the prelate, that he urged him to remain and spend a week with him at Beaumont House.

The time speedily arrived when the young couples had to speed away to catch the evening train. Their honeymoon was to be spent in Italy. "Good-bye, my darling," Eileen's father said, with tears in his eyes. "Good-bye, Frank; I have entrusted you with my dearest treasure, I know you will cherish her, and now I can say, 'Nunc dimittas' at any time."

Evelyn bade her parents and Carrigmore friends adieu likewise, but there were no tears, for they knew the gentle girl would soon be back to be the lady of Beaumont House, and the good angel of the barony.

Out in the barn the feasting and merry-making lasted till the small hours of the morning. The ladies and gentlemen joined them in the evening for a few hours. Loud were the cheers when Dermot Desmond led the lively Moira D'Aubrey into the mazes of the country dance, for his father would not be beaten, and he, too, led Alice Moore through the same old-time measure.



## CHAPTER XX.

### Corrigan's Discomfiture and Jack's Ordination.

The months passed quickly by. Dr. O'Riordan and his bride returned home early in March. Herbert Beaumont and his wife arrived a few weeks later. Frank and Eileen resided at Grove House. Lord Dunquin had become a confirmed invalid during Herbert's absence, hence it was a great relief to the old nobleman to have his son home again with his fair young bride, Evelyn. She was more than a daughter could be to him, and compensated in a great measure for the cruel neglect of his own unnatural wife, who never wrote to him or Herbert since she had written that defiant letter to her son.

Maurice's letter to Carrigmore, telling them of his unexpected meeting with his uncle, was a glad surprise to his parents and the other members of the family.

"Poor Colin," Martin exclaimed, "I had thought him dead years ago."

"God be praised," Mrs. Desmond ejaculated, "it is like a chapter out of a romance. Maurice's sacrifice is rewarded; he will have no need to work to refund Dr. O'Moore the money so generously lent to pay the mortgage on the old home."

A week before Easter, Lord Dunquin passed peacefully away. He had expressed a desire to become a Catholic three weeks before his death, and so Herbert and Evelyn had the great consolation of seeing him received into the Church, and his death-bed blessed by Her last holy rites.

Herbert is now Lord Dunquin. One of his first acts, after he came into power, was to dismiss Corri-

gan. That scoundrel cringed and fawned and begged to be retained in his lordship's service, pleading in his favour his faithful services to Lord Herbert's father.

"No, Corrigan," Herbert answered, "I have no need of your services, and you use a very bad form of argument when you plead your zeal in the lifetime of my poor father. Such cruel monsters as you are the curse of this country, and I certainly have no need of your help to administer my property."

Corrigan again whined for a chance. He had gone in for huge speculations latterly, with the result that he had lost his hoard, and now dismissal from Herbert's service meant ruin to him, for so hated was he that no one would come to him for legal advice, hence his profession was of no monetary value to him.

Herbert was inexorable. He curtly gave him to understand that he would require no agent, as, unlike his father, he intended to live among his tenantry, and administer his own affairs.

Corrigan raged and cursed, but Herbert turned on his heel and left the office. Next day, the once hated agent, and the tyrant of the country-side, was a lunatic. He was arrested and taken to an asylum for the insane, and here he died three years afterwards, without having been restored to the use of his reason.

The time was not yet ripe for the fulfilment of Lord Herbert's plans in regard to the sale of his estate to the tenantry, but he and Lady Evelyn had already begun to prove their interest in the poor peasantry, and their names were blessed throughout the land.

June came on apace, and Jack's ordination was drawing near. On the morning of that, for him, holy day, his parents, Mary and Dermot, Stephen Barrett, Frank O'Riordan and Eileen, Henry and Kathleen O'Leary, Lord Herbert, and Lady Evelyn, and his dearest friend

and former college mate, Hugh O'Sullivan, occupied places in the thronged seats of one of the side chapels of the beautiful college church.

Oh, what emotions of holy joy swelled the hearts of his loved ones, his little mother particularly, as the young deacon, with his thirty companions, all attired in alb and stole, and bearing the sacerdotal vestments on their arms, walked up in procession, up the body of the Church, and formed a wide semi-circle before the magnificent High Altar. Who that has witnessed the solemn ceremony of the annual ordination in this college Church can ever forget it. The Bishop, with his assistants, admonishing and advising the young candidates in the ritual words, the kneeling Levites, then the prostration before the altar, and the singing of the "Veni Creator" from those fresh, young, manly voices down the choir, the solemn imposition of hands by the Bishop and attendant priests, and then the supreme moment of all, when the young soggarths go down the Church and give their blessings, first to their own nearest and dearest, and then to the crowds who come specially to receive those holy benedictions from their newly-anointed hands.

In spite of years of persecution, how grandly Ireland still fulfils her glorious mission of *lumen mundi*, for from various colleges, but especially from this grand old All Hallows, she sends forth her sons each year, fully equipped, to preach the Gospel to the English-speaking race, to the cities, and the prairies of the great West, and to the further regions of the Sunny South. She is, indeed, *par excellence*, the *insula sanctorum et doctorum*, the Ireland of saints and scholars.

With what glad hearts did his father and his fond mother kneel before Father Desmond as he imparted to them his first priestly blessing; and then how his



own heart beat, as he realised all he owed them. He passed on to the others, and blessed them likewise. Mary and her young lover, and his bosom friend, Dermot, Frank, Eileen, Mr. Barrett, and Lord and Lady Dunquin.

The following Sunday, Mrs. Desmond's cup of joy was filled, when her boy-priest celebrated Mass at Carrig, and preached to the old folks and the play-mates of his childhood and boyhood. The members of the congregation shared her joy, for by young and old was Jack beloved, and they now listen with rapt attention to Father John's first sermon to them.

Father Tim departed on his long promised holiday, and Father Desmond administered in his absence to the spiritual wants of the faithful at Carrig Church. Mary amused him and the family at dinner one Sunday by repeating the remarks on his sermon that day, she had overheard in the kitchen.

Joan Carty, an old crony of Norah's, was with her in the kitchen, and speaking of Father John's sermon on that day, which had been a discourse on hell, she said:—

"Oh, then, North, but that was the iligant fine sermon entirely Father John preached to-day about hell."

Norah, whose turn it had been to remain home on that day, had not been to Church, so she retorted, contemptuously,

"Wisha, what does he, the holy young saint, know about hell, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, doesn't he?" Joan answered, "Faith, then, if you had heard him to-day, you would think he was born and reared there."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Sunshine.

Three years more had passed before Maurice was able to return from his exile, an immensely wealthy man. His uncle had died a few months before his departure for home. Maurice sold the stations, and they realised a fabulous sum. He is now, at twenty-four, as fine a type of fully developed manhood as ever one could behold. I will leave my readers to imagine the glad meeting between him and Alice, at Dublin. Alice is now twenty-two, and the merry school-girl we first met, four years ago, at Carrigmore, is now a beautiful woman. "Oh, Maurice!" she cried, as her lover took her in his strong arms, "At last! At last! The years have seemed so long since we parted."

"My own faithful darling," he murmured, "there will now be no more partings, and in a month I will make you my own for ever." Great was the joy at Carrigmore when Maurice arrived, big, strong, and as handsome as ever; a son of whom a king might well be proud. And his father is proud of his noble son, and Kathleen's cup of earthly joy has reached its highest measure when, after four long years, she is clasped in her boy's arms again, and hears him call her his own little mother.

There were weddings soon after his home-coming. He and Alice and Hugh and Mary were united, and Carrig Church was never so brightly adorned with flowers and wedding bells. Father John was the celebrant. He had come from his sphere of labour in London to celebrate the nuptials of those four who, after his parents, were the dearest beings to him on earth.

Father Tim was there, too, and his kind old face beamed with joy. There was a great wedding banquet at Carrigmore. Besides the party of guests and friends in the dining-room, the country people were entertained to a great feast out on the lawn, and the dancing and merry-making, after the young couples had departed for Killarney, were carried on until the early hours of the morning.

Life at Carrigmore thenceforth is bright and happy, and there are no clouds to mar the declining years of Martin and Kathleen Desmond, blest in the happiness of all their children.

To the great joy of Lord Herbert and Evelyn, Lady Isabella had relented from her unnatural attitude towards them before her death, and our readers will wonder when they learn that she died a Catholic. She had suffered a very agony for two years before her death from an internal cancer. Father Desmond, having heard of her illness, called to see her, at Lord Herbert's request. To his surprise, she did not repulse his attentions, but asked him to come again, and tell her something about the Catholic Faith.

The prayers and masses of the young priest were heard on her behalf. She became a Catholic six months before her death, and died at Beaumont House, blessing Herbert and Evelyn, and bequeathing to them all her wealth.

Another visit to Carrigmore, ere we say good-bye. It is Christmas again, two years after Maurice's marriage. Martin and Kathleen Desmond are surrounded by all their children and grandchildren now, this Christmas night. Maurice and Alice, with their sturdy little Martin; Hugh and Mary, with their child, Maurice; Frank O'Riordan and Eileen, with a little troop of their own; and Lord Herbert and Lady



Eveleyn, with their two fair children, Gerald and Edith.

There is a grand Christmas tree in the dining-room, and old Martin distributes the gifts to the happy little ones. When their nurses' take the little mites away, the ladies have their own merry gossip in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen, over their pipes, discuss the politics of the day, the Catholic University question, and all the other Nationalist demands.

Stephen Barrett has long since retired from the political arena, but his place is capably filled by Maurice Desmond.

Hugh O'Sullivan is an M.P., also, and is one of the literary lions, as well as one of the greatest advocates of the day.

Lord Herbert Dunquin is another Nationalist champion in the British Parliament, and Frank, our gay, rollicking medico, has become one of the most eminent surgeons of the day.

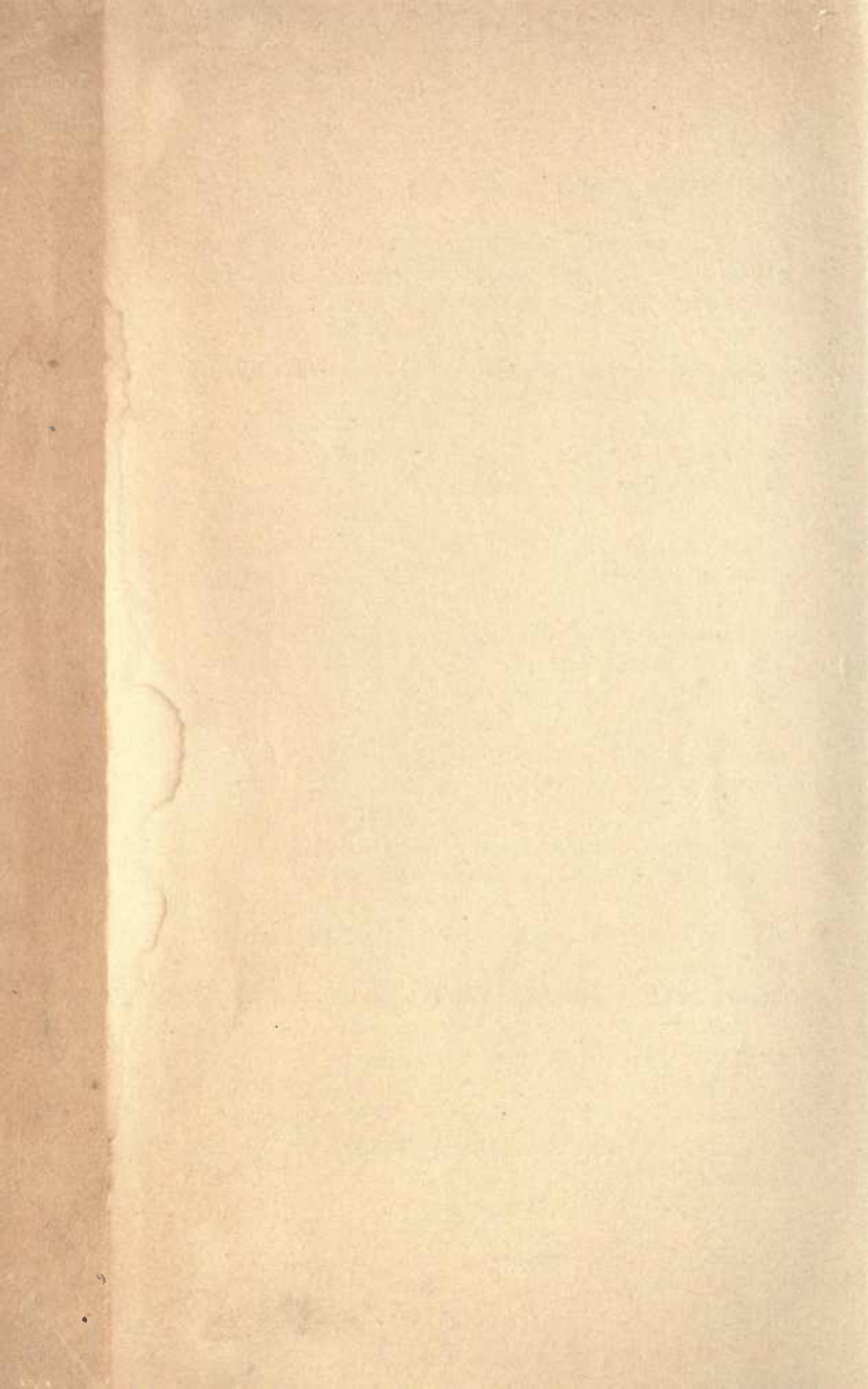
Stephen Barrett is here to-night, also, and evidently Frank takes good care of him, for the old patriot is looking hale and hearty.

Dermot is a fully developed man. There will be another wedding shortly, when he will lead Moira D'Aubrey to the altar.

There is music and song as there was on that night when we first entered Carrigmore. It is a happy Irish home, and well do our friends deserve their happiness, for even now, when they have won the laurels of fame, they wind up the evening by the devout recital of the Holy Rosary. Good-bye, Carrigmore. May the day come when such happy, prosperous homes will be not so rare in dear Old Ireland.

Amen.







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